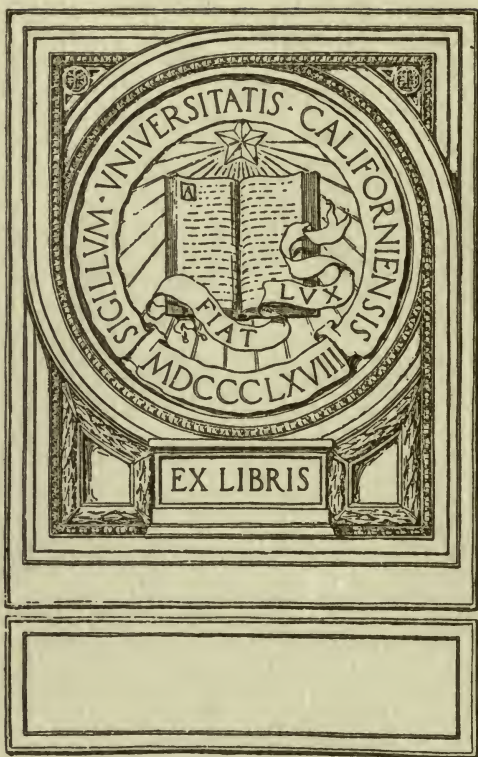


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A BOOK OF VERSE OF THE  
GREAT WAR

EDITED BY  
W. REGINALD WHEELER

WITH A FOREWORD BY  
CHARLTON M. LEWIS



NEW HAVEN:  
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
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First published, November, 1917  
Second printing. May, 1918

THE HERBERT A. SCHEFTTEL  
MEMORIAL PUBLICATION FUND

The present volume is the third work published on the Herbert A. Scheftel Memorial Publication Fund. This foundation was established January 12, 1915, by the widow of Herbert A. Scheftel, of the Class of 1898, Yale College, who died September 12, 1914. The gift was made "in recognition of the affection in which he always held Yale and in order to perpetuate in the University the memory of his particular interest in the work of the Yale University Press."



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TO THE ONE WHOSE SPIRIT IS WISDOM AND LOVE,  
MY MOTHER



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

**D**URING the past two years and a half the compiler of this volume has resided in Europe, America and Asia and has endeavored to choose the most worthy expressions of sentiment concerning the war which have come from these three continents. In the selection of verse he has aimed to exclude those poems which seemed to be inspired by the more extreme animosities of the present conflict. If he has held fast to this principle, it was in the hope that this anthology of war verse which attempts to emphasize the more permanent and universal features of the Great War, rather than its transitory, particular phases, may thus contribute in some small measure to a renewal of the fellowship of the universal community of mankind.

I wish to express my thanks to authors and publishers for their kind permission to republish the poems which appear in this collection.

In conclusion, I wish to thank my brother, Alexander Royal Wheeler, for his supervision of the task of the actual publication of these poems. Without his aid the book would not have been produced, and I am happy to express the gratitude which I accordingly owe him.

WILLIAM REGINALD WHEELER.

Hangchow, China  
March 1, 1917





## FOREWORD

A CRITICAL curse rests upon the poetry of patriotism and war. The passion of patriotism is common to all right-minded men, and criticism wants the uncommon. Criticism requires that a poet's vision be new and peculiar; whereas race-consciousness and martial glory have been familiar themes ever since Pharaoh's chosen captains were drowned in the Red Sea. The poet whose sole aim is to rekindle these old ardors will be fortunate indeed if he escape the ninety-nine ways of banality; and even the hundredth way, unless he is a consummate artist, will hardly lead him to the very peaks of Parnassus.

But the present war is not like other wars. Our cause and our interests have a more than national scope. Sometimes, indeed, we even forget that we are fighting for self-preservation. The fundamental national and patriotic impulse is half smothered by impulses toward universal humanity and righteousness. As in our Civil War, so to-day the struggle for self-preservation is also a struggle for the establishment of a great idea, upon which rests the hope of the world; and these years of ruinous militancy have also been years of unique intellectual and spiritual fermentation. The poetry of this war is not merely war poetry, not merely patriotic poetry; it is the poetry of an irresistible movement of human thought, reinvigorated by the very crime that was designed to arrest it.

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Even those poets who have written pure war poetry have not written precisely the kind that might have been expected. There has appeared no Charge of the Light Brigade, no Defence of Lucknow. And this is not merely because the best of England's martial poets is dead. Is it not a natural consequence of the war's vastness? No individual feat of arms could sufficiently absorb the world's attention to provide a fit theme. In spite of Mons and Suvla Bay, in spite of many another single instance of extraordinary valor, the thing that has most profoundly impressed our imagination has been the heroic long endurance of whole nations in the trenches. Arnold Winkelried has had no opportunity, in this war, to win liberty and immortal renown with one sweep of his arms; but we know that a million of his peers are sleeping in unnoted graves.

Perhaps this accounts in part for the popular success of such war poems as those of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. They make no invidious selection; they are typical and representative. They suggest what ten millions of our allies have been enduring, to keep our civilization secure and to preserve righteousness as an essential feature of it. The homely humor of their realism reaches our understanding with a vividness that nothing in King Cambyses' vein could attain. Our own hearts supply the unexpressed sentiment.

There is another way in which poetry has reflected the mere vastness of the conflict. It was one of Macaulay's commonplaces that war works no disturbance in the life of a great nation; for love, pleasure, and industry go on at home as before, while all the strain and shock are



## FOREWORD

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absorbed by professional fighters far away. This complacency was proper enough, before Prussia had entered upon her project of subjugating the world; but what do France and England think about it now? Some of the most interesting poems in Mr. Wheeler's collection are poems of the war as it is waged at home. They remind us that to-day is a day of fireside heroisms, such as Macaulay could never have dreamed of.

Every reader of these poems will notice the comparative rarity of the purely martial ring. The literary trend of our day has been away from all high heroics; and especially the passion of military swagger has grown more and more uncongenial to a generation of peace-lovers. The shock of war has not wholly revolutionized our taste. Here and there, to be sure, will be found something after the old school; and at least one reader (though himself a peace-lover) derives from some of these poems a profound gratification. It surely is not mere elemental barbarity, it is not mere jingoism, that rings in the appeal of England to the Sea:

God grant to us the old Armada weather,  
The winds that rip, the heavens that stoop and  
    lour—  
Not till the sea and England sink together,  
Shall they be masters! Let them boast that hour!

But most of the representative poets of the day subdue their resoluteness to a less Phrygian mode. And even in poems that are distinctly hortatory (like the fine verses of Alfred Noyes, for example) the thought is not so

## FOREWORD

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intent on the glory of the smashing blow as on the sacrificial consecration of the spirit.

Here we touch again the most distinctive feature of the poems in this collection. The enthusiasm that inspires them is for the most part not merely martial, not merely patriotic, but moral. Moreover, since Mr. Wheeler has been judiciously catholic and has admitted representatives of many schools of thought, we are confronted by an interesting and bewildering spectacle of moral conflict; for moral enthusiasm seems to inspire with equal fervor the apostles of reason and the apostles of unreason.

There are pacifists here. Their horror at the cruelty of war, and especially at the cruelty of *this* war, imparts a holy ardor to their counsel of non-resistance. There is no questioning their sincerity, nor their passionate love of humanity. It is like the love of a mother, refusing the surgical aid which alone can save her child. And some of the poems of this order are artistically striking. Ridgely Torrence, in his imitation of Catullus, has composed a metrical *tour de force* of uncommon charm; and Edith Thomas, though not aiming at ordinary poetic beauty, achieves a moral beauty which is undeniable. In pacifists of this type there is nothing contemptible except their logic. Because we all passionately long for the day when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, *therefore*, when we hear the lion roar, let us hasten to lie down before him!

Happily the pacifists are a minority sect; but in their hatred of war they enjoy no monopoly. The majority of Mr. Wheeler's readers will be in sympathy with the majority of his poets in the depth of their indignation

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and revolt, even while they recognize the stern summons of necessity. Yet in a number of poems will be found consoling visions of the actual benefits of war; and those who know the poetry of Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger will know that some of these visions are true. Amid the havoc that has already been wrought in Europe, whereof we in America are likely soon enough to know the bitterness, it is well to be reminded that war is not wholly an Inferno. Some of its torments are rather those of Purgatory, wherethrough redeemed spirits find their way to their souls' salvation.

Other poets, less concerned with the ephemeral than with the lasting, look forward to the after-regeneration of the world, which is to be the guerdon of our sacrifice. Clinton Scollard is confident of the dawning of "that diviner day." Alan Sullivan foresees "after all the anguish, God." These visions, too, are good because they are cheering; but there may be higher wisdom in the stoicism that is less cock-sure. Perhaps the deep truth of the matter is spoken in William S. Johnson's Prayer for Peace. Perhaps humanity will best fulfil its inscrutable mission if it takes to heart Woodberry's grave rebuke to the over-sanguine:

For man doth build on an eternal scale,  
And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;  
The millennium came not; yet Christ did not fail,  
Though ever unaccomplished is his word.

Mr. Wheeler's taste is as catholic in art as in morals. He has considerably admitted to his collection a few specimens of what is strangely called the new poetry.



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Considerately, too, he has not admitted very many of them. It is unwise to ridicule compositions of this class, for the originals are far funnier than anything that can well be said about them. Besides, the new poets are sincere, and are moved by a worthy purpose. Even in such a "poem" as *The Bombardment* one feels that the author is really trying to get at something, although a doubt may remain as to what that something is. Of the new poets, indeed, as of many of the pacifists, it may be said that their spirit is admirable, and that only logic fails them. Because recent composers of music for the full orchestra have not all been original geniuses, *therefore* music should hereafter be composed exclusively for the hurdy-gurdy!

It is interesting to find Edgar Lee Masters, one of the highest priests in the sanctuary, writing a blank verse that is almost orthodox; and the reader will discover, in the eloquent beauty of his apostrophe to France, more poetry than in all *Spoon River*. Has Mr. Masters, under stress of profound feeling, realized that the old poetry is after all closest to life? On the other hand, William R. Benét, whose own resources in rime and rhythm are surely ample, has here gone half-way over to the enemy. With his sun "clanking across the blue," and other bits of figurative shrillness, he seems to approach the very extreme of that artificiality against which the new poetry thinks it is protesting; and yet, even so, it is clear that his wit-play proceeds from a sincere inward impulse. This insistent striving after the clever is but his way of reaching toward the expression of the inexpressible. But most of us are old-fashioned enough to prefer the sim-

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plicity of old-fashioned numbers, like those of Alice Meynell or Laurence Binyon.

A collection like this cannot possibly be brought up to date. The swift movement of events, between compilation and issue, makes even some recent utterances seem already old. But many of the poems of England's early days of war are especially alive to Americans now. The exact scenes of 1914 described in W. M. Letts's verses are re-enacted on this side of the Atlantic in 1917; and poems like *The Vigil* and *The Searchlights* embody not visual scenes but phases of spiritual experience which are ours now as they were England's yesterday. Other strains—and one in particular—we should like to echo here; but can we? In poems like those of Hewlett, Galsworthy, and Freeman, we hear the characteristic note of English patriotism. For their unquenchable love of their country, for their conscious pride in her history, her unity, her very name, what have we to show? In England, and still more in France and Italy, national consciousness is part of the life of every child. How is it with us?

If, superficially, our national consciousness has been less in evidence, we may count ourselves happy. What Byron and Shelley said of men in general is especially true of men as patriots: they

Are cradled into poetry by wrong;

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Love of country, like love of kindred, flames brightest in time of trouble; and we, unlike France and Italy, unlike even England, have long lived unfamiliar with

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calamity. But, although prosperous years have tempted us recklessly to squander our spiritual resources, these latest days have revealed the capital fund still intact; and some of the American poems in this collection, though written before our declaration of war, are prophetic of the spirit in which that declaration would be supported. We are now becoming aware that America really is to us very much what "dulce France" has for nine hundred years been to the French. May the new consciousness remain to purify us for the victories of peace that must be won hereafter!

CHARLTON M. LEWIS.

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A BOOK OF VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR



## KILLED IN ACTION

ANONYMOUS

(A MOTHER TO HER SON)

I PLEADED long, and sternly fought despair  
Through nights that seemed unending, and I strove  
By prayer to climb the way  
To dizzy Heaven. And sweetly echoing  
I heard the anthems that the angels sing;  
And thus my frail petition, faltering there  
Turned, overawed, astray.

Jesting he sailed—I hid a stricken heart—  
Into that frenzied Hell which mocks the sun

And God's vast tenderness!  
Soon, in the skies of April, larks shall wing  
And chant sweet orisons in vain for him—  
A warrior fallen. Mine the sterner part  
To bear my loneliness.

Farewell! Unvanquished, deathless in my soul  
Faith whispers comfort—till my Being thrills  
And Hope quiescent stirs—  
Then Sorrow routed flees. With clearer sight  
I see him girt in shining mail—a Knight  
(Peal now exultantly, ye bells that toll)  
Whom God hath given spurs.



THE RED COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

**I**N the red country  
The sky flowers  
All day.  
Strange mechanical birds  
With struts of wire and glazed wings  
Cross the impassive sky  
Which burgeons ever and again  
With ephemeral unfolding flowers,  
White and yellow and brown,  
That spread and dissolve.  
And smaller rapid droning birds go by,  
And bright metallic bees whose sting is death.

Behind the hills,  
Behind the whispering woods whose leaves are falling  
Yellow and red to cover the red clay,  
Misshapen monsters squat with wide black maws  
Gulping smoke and belching flame.  
From the mirk reed beds of the age of coal,  
Wallowing out of their sleep in the earlier slime,  
They are resurrected and stagger forth to slay—  
The prehistoric Beasts we thought were dead.

They are blinded with long sleep,  
But men with clever weapons  
Goad them to fresh pastures.



## THE RED COUNTRY

---

Beside still waters

They drink of blood and neigh a horrible laughter,  
And their ponderous tread shakes happy cities down,  
And the thresh of their flail-like tails  
Makes acres smoulder and smoke  
Blackened of golden harvest.

The Beasts are back,  
And men, in their spreading shadow,  
Inhale the odor of their nauseous breath.  
Inebriate with it they fashion other gods  
Than the gods of day-dream.  
Of iron and steel are little images  
Made of the Beasts.  
And men rush forth and fling themselves for ritual  
Before these gods, before the lumbering Beasts,—  
And some make long obeisance.

Umber and violet flowers of the sky,  
The sun, like a blazing Mars, clanks across the blue  
And plucks you, to fashion into a nosegay  
To offer Venus, his old-time paramour.  
But now she shrinks  
And pales  
Like Cynthia, her more ascetic sister . . .  
Vulcan came to her arms in the grimy garb  
Of toil, he smelt of the forge and the racketing workshop,  
But not of blood.  
And, if she smells these flowers, they bubble ruby blood  
That trickles between her fingers.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Yet is a dream flowing over the red country,  
Yet is a light growing, for all the black furrows of the red  
country . . .  
The machines are foe or friend  
As the world desires.  
The Beasts shall sleep again.  
And in that sleep, when the land is twilight-still  
And men take thought among the frozen waves of the  
dead,  
The Sowers go forth once more,  
Sowers of vision, sowers of the seed  
Of peace or war.  
Shall it be peace indeed?  
Great shadowy figures moving from hill to hill  
Of tangled bodies, with rhythmic stride and cowed  
averted head,  
What do you sow with hands funereal—  
New savageries imperial,  
Unthinking poms for arrogant, witless men?  
Or seed for the people in strong democracy?  
What do you see  
With your secret eyes, and sow for us, that we must reap  
again?

## STRANGE FRUIT

---

### STRANGE FRUIT

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THIS year the grain is heavy-ripe;  
The apple shows a ruddier stripe;  
Never berries so profuse  
Blackened with so sweet a juice  
On brambly hedges, summer-dyed.  
The yellow leaves begin to glide;  
But Earth in careless lapful treasures  
Pledge of over-brimming measures,  
As if some rich unwonted zest  
Stirred prodigal within her breast.  
And now, while plenty's left uncared,  
The fruit unplucked, the sickle spared,  
Where men go forth to waste and spill,  
Toiling to burn, destroy, and kill,  
Lo, also side by side with these  
Beast-hungers, ravening miseries,  
The heart of man has brought to birth  
Splendours richer than his earth.  
Now in the thunder-hour of fate  
Each one is kinder to his mate;  
The surly smile; the hard forbear;  
There's help and hope for all to share;  
And sudden visions of good-will,  
Transcending all the scope of ill,  
Like a glory of rare weather  
Link us in common light together,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

A clearness of the cleansing sun,  
Where none's alone and all are one;  
And touching each a priceless pain  
We find our own true hearts again.  
No more the easy masks deceive:  
We give, we dare, and we believe.

### THE ENGLISH GRAVES

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THE rains of yesterday are flown,  
And light is on the farthest hills;  
The homeliest rough grass by the stone  
To radiance thrills;

And the wet bank above the ditch,  
Trailing its thorny bramble, shows  
Soft apparitions, clustered rich,  
Of the pure primrose.

The shining stillness breathes, vibrates  
From simple earth to lonely sky,  
A hinted wonder that awaits  
The heart's reply.

O lovely life! The chaffinch sings  
High on the hazel, near and clear.  
Sharp to the heart's blood, sweetness springs  
In the morning here.

## THE ENGLISH GRAVES

---

But my heart goes with the young cloud  
That voyages the April light  
Southward, across the beaches loud  
And cliffs of white

To fields of France, far fields that spread  
Beyond the tumbling of the waves,  
And touches as with shadowy tread  
The English graves.

There too is Earth that never weeps,  
The unrepining Earth, that holds  
The secret of a thousand sleeps  
And there unfolds

Flowers of sweet ignorance on the slope  
Where strong arms dropped and blood  
choked breath,  
Earth that forgets all things but hope  
And smiles on death.

They poured their spirits out in pride,  
They throbbed away the price of years:  
Now that dear ground is glorified  
With dreams, with tears.

A flower there is sown, to bud  
And bloom beyond our loss and smart.  
Noble France, at its root is blood  
From England's heart.



THE FOURTH OF AUGUST

BY LAURENCE BINYON

NOW in thy splendor go before us,  
Spirit of England, ardent-eyed!  
Enkindle this dear earth that bore us,  
In the hour of peril purified.

The cares we hugged drop out of vision;  
Our hearts with deeper thoughts dilate.  
We step from days of sour division  
Into the grandeur of our fate.

For us the glorious dead have striven,  
They battled that we might be free.  
We to their living cause are given;  
We arm for men that are to be.

Among the nations nobliest chartered,  
England recalls her heritage.  
In her is that which is not bartered,  
Which force can neither quell nor cage.

For her immortal stars are burning,  
With her the hope that's never done,  
The seed that's in the Spring's returning,  
The very flower that seeks the sun.



## BELLS OF FLANDERS

---

She fights the fraud that feeds desire on  
Lies, in a lust to enslave or kill,  
The barren creed of blood and iron,  
Vampire of Europe's wasted will.

Endure, O Earth! and thou, awaken,  
Purged by this dreadful winnowing-fan,  
O wronged, untameable, unshaken  
Soul of divinely suffering man!

## BELLS OF FLANDERS

BY DOMINIQUE BONNARD

(October, 1914)

(Translated by Lord Curzon of Kedleston)

SUNDAY it is in Flanders,  
And, blue as flax, the sky  
O'er plain and windmill stretches  
Its peaceful canopy.  
The bells, high in the belfries,  
Are singing, blithe and gay,  
The overflowing gladness  
Of coming Holiday.  
Ring out! Ring on! Ring loudly  
The merry Flemish peal!

But suddenly there rises  
To heaven a cry of fear—  
Quick! To the belfry, quickly!  
The ravenous horde is here,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

See them! the crows and vultures,  
Sowers of dire alarms;  
Oh! bells, from out your steeples  
Fling forth your call to arms!  
Ring out! Ring on! Ring madly  
The valiant Flemish peal!

The fell sword of the troopers—  
Brief triumph shall they know—  
Upon your soil ancestral  
E'en now your sons lays low!  
But to the ruthless victor  
Your freedom dear you sell,  
Proud, dauntless little nation,  
Whom only numbers quell!  
Ring out! Ring on! Ring sadly  
The noble Flemish peal!

But see! in the dark heavens  
The dawn of justice light!  
There to the dim horizon  
The brutal horde takes flight.  
The radiant day of glory  
Day of revenge is here,  
Oh! bells, proclaim your triumph  
With music loud and clear!  
Ring out! Ring on! Ring proudly  
The free-born Flemish peal.

## I. PEACE

---

### I. PEACE

BY RUPERT BROOKE

**N**OW, God be thanked Who has matched us with His  
hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release  
there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

### III. THE DEAD

BY RUPERT BROOKE

**B**LOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away; poured out the red

Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopéd serene,  
That men call age; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long; and Love, and Pain.  
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

#### IV. THE DEAD

BY RUPERT BROOKE

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is  
ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

## THE PLAINT OF PAN

---

### V. THE SOLDIER

BY RUPERT BROOKE

**I**F I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

## THE PLAINT OF PAN

BY DANA BURNET

**M**ARS has my reed! My pipe of water rush,  
Whereon I played the shepherds to their toil,  
And whistled up the reaper in the dawn,  
And whiled the plowman furrowing the soil.



My reed! My precious pipe! The trill in it  
Was lighter than the laugh of water-brooks—  
'Twas life itself, I tell you—oft and oft  
I've charmed a savant with it from his books,

And made a wise man of him, too! And then  
When twilight hazed the pretty woodland streams,  
I've led my lovers with a lilt of faith  
Until their eyes were wonderful with dreams.

I've piped the winding caravans of peace,  
And set a singing wind to blow the ships—  
Now Mars, the braggart, thieves my pipe away,  
And claps it to his rough and blowsy lips.

Jupiter, listen! Does he know the stops?  
Can he awake those silver twining airs  
By which I bound my world? Hark, as he pipes  
Afar the angry strident trumpet blares!

My song is twisted out of all its sweet!  
Souls cry in agony! The loosed sword gleams;  
Oh, Jupiter, give Pan his pipes again!  
The world's awry—and there are no more dreams!



## THE FORGE OF GOD

---

### STORM

BY DANA BURNET

OUT of the thunder leaps a crooked sword  
Bright as a serpent's tongue—aye, bright as blood,  
And men within the moment cast their cloths  
And stand forth naked in a snarling brood.

The storm treads on like some great-booted god,  
Roaring and slaying with its bloody fists,  
And men are milled between its awful palms—  
Their vaunted masteries are blown like mists. . . .

We have not conquered elemental things,  
Not chained the lightnings, nor controlled the skies—  
The storm breaks and the world's a beast again,  
Snarling, at bay, with terror in its eyes!

## THE FORGE OF GOD

BY DANA BURNET

### I.

WE had dug a trench in the broken field, in the field  
just plowed for sowing,  
Behind us stood the taken town with its fired towers  
glowing,  
And high above it on the hill a scarlet flag was blowing.

We had sacked the town at dusk,  
Left it black and cold and still  
On the shoulder of the hill,  
With its beauty all a husk,  
Empty, empty in the dusk—  
And a scar upon the temple that was lifted to His name.  
But the Emperor had smiled  
Like a pleased and haughty child,  
Clapped his clean white hands and cried,  
At the splendor that had died,  
At his scarlet flag flung skyward like a sudden wisp of  
flame!

There was naught but red and black  
In that conquered world of ours;  
'Twas a bitter town to sack  
With its cursèd priestly scars!  
Though we said the name of Mars  
As we laid it on the rack,  
Still it turned us ghostly faces when we smote it with the  
rod;  
Turned us faces black and red;  
Looked with eyes we knew were dead,  
Till the very earth was horror where our iron feet had  
trod. . . .  
Trampled soils and shaking airs,  
Smoke and screams and futile prayers,  
And the sunset like a bleeding wound upon the breast  
of God!

## THE FORGE OF GOD

---

We had ringed the town with steel,  
    We had compassed it with flame,  
And our royal master came  
With his gentlemen at heel  
To the temple where the solid shot had torn their grinning  
    holes.  
    And below the blackened hill  
    Slept the creatures of his will,  
Slept his soldiers in the trenches like a brood of weary  
    moles;  
    But the whimper of their breath  
    Told how deep they dreamed of death  
And the faces of the things they'd killed made trouble in  
    their souls.

There was blood upon their hands,  
    And they moaned again, again;  
    They were not machines, but men  
Freed from fetters and commands,  
And they whimpered till the Emperor came stumbling  
    from his wines—  
    Came his gentlemen close after  
    With their lips still set for laughter,  
Heard, and sickened at the horror of the Wind that swept  
    the Lines.

So stood shaking in the street,  
    With their laughter stricken dead,  
With their chaos at their feet,  
    And the temple overhead,

And the monarch struck the pose he loved, the pose he  
hoped was fame.

But the whisper on the night  
Made his cheek a sickly white,  
And the tower made him little; stripped him naked to  
his name.

Then a Light leaped suddenly  
From the temple's inner gloom,  
Like God's glory in a tomb  
When the sheeted soul goes free,  
From the gutted temple's dusk,  
From the wither and the husk,  
Glowed a Light of sudden splendor like a fallen brand  
of dawn.

It was glory, it was wrath,  
It was fury of His name,  
As it beat its crimson path  
To the cross upon the spire  
Stabbing starward, higher, higher,  
Till it fluttered down and faltered like a gleaming sword  
withdrawn.

## II.

A burning priest stood in the door.  
I swear he burned; his garments burned,  
His face was fire as he turned,  
A thing no man had seen before!  
A miracle . . . a burning man!  
And some there were who cried and ran—

## THE FORGE OF GOD

---

But he came with a crucifix between his smoking fists.  
An iron crucifix, he had;  
A Cross . . . an image of the Tree  
On which our Lord of Galilee  
Was tortured by a world gone mad—  
Came he afire from the door  
Strode down and plucked the jeweled brand,  
From the pale monarch's shaking hand,  
Held high the arms of peace and war,  
Held high the Sword; the Cross held high  
Till their great shadows marked the sky  
Flung dancing up by that same Light that played about  
his wrists.

Then in that scarred and sacred spot,  
The great Light leaped full-wrathed again;  
He thrust the glittered sword within,  
And when the blade was glowing hot  
He beat it with the heavy Cross,  
God's iron on hell's steel. . . . The toss  
Of sparks made starry radiance about him as he toiled,  
And while we waited, shorn of breath,  
He lifted up the thing he'd made—  
A rough-wrought plowshare. . . . Then he swayed  
And fell, and lay there cold in death.  
He was a man, and he had burned.  
He lay there, stilled; his face was turned  
To the first gray of dawn that marked the temple all  
despoiled.



III.

Up from the trench in the broken field, in the field of iron  
    reaping,  
There rose a cry of frightened men, and a thousand men  
    came leaping,  
Came up the hill with staring eyes and spirits shocked  
    from sleeping.

There was moan upon their lips,  
    There was terror in their eyes,  
    They had seen against the skies  
God . . . with smoking finger-tips,  
Smite the glowing blade of war  
Snatched from their pale Emperor!  
In the furnace of the morning they had seen a plowshare  
    wrought!  
They came crying up the hill  
    Where the town stood like a husk,  
    In the morning's pearly dusk,  
To the temple, charred and still,  
To their posing monarch's feet,  
In the stricken wasted street,  
All their costly iron discipline made nothing by a thought.  
And they took him in their hands,  
    Took the King in their rough clasp,  
    Till he cried out at their grasp,  
Shouting futile wild commands,  
But they laughed . . . a thousand men,  
Laughed and cried and laughed again,



## CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

---

Caught the King up in their hands and flung their  
    weapons all away,  
And they beat their breasts and sang,  
    Marching downward from the hill,  
    Masters, masters of their will!  
And their wild hosannas rang  
    From a thousand throats to God  
    Lifting, lifting as they trod,  
And above the ruined temple, lo, the sudden breaking  
    day!

## CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

(An Incident)

BY DANA BURNET

### I.

**S**TILL the guns!  
    There's a ragged music on the air,  
    A priest has climbed the ruined temple's stair,  
Ah, still the guns!  
It's Christmas morning. Had ye all forgot?  
    Peace for a little while, ye battle-scarred—  
Or do ye fear to cool those minds grown hot?  
    Up the great lovely tower, wracked and marred,  
An old priest toils—  
Men of the scattered soils,

Men of the British mists,  
Men of France!  
Put by the lance.  
Men of Irish fists,  
Men of heather,  
Kneel together—  
Men of Prussia,  
Great dark men of Russia,  
Kneel, kneel!  
Hark how the slow bells peal.  
A thousand leagues the faltered music runs,  
Ah, still the wasting thunder of the guns,  
Still the guns!

II.

Out of the trenches lifts a half-shamed song,  
    *"Holy Night!"*  
Here, where the sappers burrowed all night long  
    To bring the trench up for the morrow's fight,  
    A British lad, with face unwonted white,  
Looks at the sky and sings a carol through,  
    *"God rest you, merry gentlemen!"*  
It was the only Christmas thing he knew.  
    And there were tears wrung out of hard-lipped men,  
Tears in the strangest places,  
Tears on troopers' faces!

III.

They had forgotten what a life was for,  
They had been long at suffering and war,

## CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

---

They had forgot old visions, one by one,  
But now they heard the tolling bell of Rheims,  
Tolling bell of Rheims;  
They saw the bent priest, white-haired in the sun,  
Climb to the hazard of the weakened spire,  
They saw, and in them stirred their hearts' desire  
For Streets and Cities, Shops and Homes and Farms,  
They only wanted space to love and live;  
They felt warm arms about them—women's arms,  
And such caresses as a child might give  
Coming all rosy in the early day  
To kiss his world awake . . .

The British lad  
Broke off his carol with a sob. The play  
Of churchly musics, solemn, strange, and sad,  
Fluttered in silver tatters down the wind,  
Flung from the tower where the guns had sinned  
Across the black and wounded fields. . . . The bell  
Sang on—a feeble protest to the skies,  
Until the world stood like a halted hell,  
And men with their dead brothers at their feet  
Drew dirty sleeves across their tired eyes,  
Finding the cracked chimes overwhelming sweet.

### IV.

Aye, still the guns!  
And heed the Christmas bell,  
Ye who have done Death's work so well,  
Ye worn embattled ones,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Kneel, kneel!  
Put by the blood-stained steel,  
Men from the far soils and the scattered seas,  
Go down upon your knees,  
While there is one with faith enough to dare  
The wracked cathedral's crumbled broken stair—  
While there lives one with peace upon his eyes,  
While hope's faint song is fluttered to the skies,  
In that brief space between the Christmas suns,  
Still the guns!

*"The Plaint of Pan," "Storm," "The Forge of God," and "Christmas in the Trenches" are from POEMS, by Dana Burnet. Copyright, 1915, by Harper and Brothers. Reprinted by special permission.*

## WAR

BY WITTER BYNNER

FOOLS, fools, fools,  
Your blood is hot to-day.  
It cools  
When you are clay.  
It joins the very clod  
Wherein you look at God,  
Wherein at last you see  
The living God,  
The loving God,  
Which was your enemy.

## A VOICE IN THE DESERT

---

### A VOICE IN THE DESERT

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

(Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts)

A HUNDRED yards from the trenches,  
Close to the battle front,  
There stands a little house  
Lonely and desolate.

Not a man, not a bird, not a dog, not a cat,  
Only a flight of crows along the railway line,  
The sound of our boots on the muddy road  
And, along the Yser, the twinkling fires.

A low thatched cottage  
With doors and shutters closed,  
The roof torn by a shell,  
Standing out of the floods alone.

Not a cry, not a sound, not a life, not a mouse,  
Only the stillness of the great graveyards,  
Only the crosses—the crooked wooden crosses—  
On the wide lonely plain.

A cottage showing grey  
Against a cold black sky,  
Blind and deaf in the breeze  
Of the dying day,  
And the sound of our footsteps slipping  
On the stones as we go by. . . .

Suddenly, on the silent air,  
Warm and clear, pure and sweet  
As sunshine upon golden moss,  
Strong and tender as a prayer,  
Through the roof a girl's voice rang  
And the cottage sang!

"When the sap begins to spring—  
Red willows, catkins grey—  
When the sap begins to spring  
The cock will greet the day.

"The cow will sound her horn—  
Gold straw and sunny shed—  
So loud she'll low that morn  
That she will wake the dead.

"Our hammers then will clash—  
Strong arms and naked breast—  
Saws whirr and forges flash  
And sparkle without rest.

"Each church will ope its door—  
Perveyse, Ypres and Nieuport—  
And with strong clanging bell  
Thunder the Germans' knell.

"Then will our trowels ring—  
Dixmude and Ramscapelle—  
And shouts and laughter swell  
And busy pickaxe swing.



"Our boats will glide along—  
Black tar and sea-gulls white—  
We'll hear the skylarks' song  
Above our rivers bright.

"And then our graves will bloom—  
Dance, tomtits, on the sod—  
And then our graves will bloom  
Beneath the sun of God."

Not a breath, not a sound, not a soul,  
Only the crosses, the crooked wooden crosses . . .

"Come, 'tis getting late.  
'Tis but a peasant girl  
With her father, living there.  
They will not go away,  
Nothing will make them yield.  
They will die, they say,  
Sooner than leave their field . . ."

Not a breath, not a life, not a soul,  
Only a flight of crows along the railway line,  
The sound of our boots on the muddy road,  
And, along the Yser, the twinkling fires.

TO THE GREAT KING OF A LITTLE  
COUNTRY

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

(Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts)

WHERE you lead us we will follow,  
Through the rain and through the snow,  
Through the valley, o'er the hill,  
And we'll give our life to you  
When you will.

What you do, Sire, we will do,  
And where you go, we will go,  
We'll follow you throughout the years,  
Even through fire and through tears,  
Through the awful war sound droning  
And the maddening crash of battle,  
Where the wounded make their moaning  
And the whistling shrapnel rattle . . .  
Where you lead us we will follow,  
And we'll give our life to you  
When you will.

We'll go to Antwerp, Ghent, Termonde,  
Louvain and Aerschot take again,  
We'll purge the land of hated powers  
Which crush us now in vain.  
We'll give you back Brussels and Liège,

## THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON

---

Recross the Meuse there at Visé,  
Together we shall see the towers  
Of Aix rise 'neath a purer sky,  
And we shall hear, one longed-for day,  
Sound of cymbals loud begin  
Triumphantly, as you pass by  
Under the Lime Trees in Berlin! . . .

May God guard you as you guard us,  
Protect you, Sire, as you protect us,  
King of but a hundred fields  
And of twenty village spires,  
King of Furnes, our soldier King!  
King of honour—honesty—  
Pride of whom our land must sing,  
Champion of humanity!  
Where you lead us we will follow,  
And we'll give our life to you  
When you will.

## THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

(Translated by Alfred Perceval Graves)

“I HEAR no more the distant roar  
Of the enemy's gun;  
Where are we, O my son?”  
“My father, safe on England's shore!”

"I hear no more the frantic wind  
Amid the cordage moan;  
Again my fumbling footsteps find  
Firm sand with pebbles strown.  
My son, are all our miseries o'er?"  
"Father, we stand on England's shore."

"Kind words I cannot understand  
Are falling on my ear;  
Far, far am I from my own land.  
Why is their sound so dear?"  
"O father, it is England's speech  
That welcomes us upon the beach."

"My son, a fragrance sweet yet sharp  
As liberty's own breath  
My soul inhales; it stirs my harp  
And wakens it from death.

"Bird, tree, and brook with sweet turmoil  
Of home so much they mind me.  
Why should they loose my sorrow's coil,  
Why such refreshment find me?"  
"Father, you rest on English soil."

"Bow down, my son, bow down with me,  
And, knee to knee,  
Let each first lay his war-bruised hand  
On this good earth, his warm lips press  
Against it, praying next to his own land  
That God this fair, free English soil may bless."

## THE BELGIAN FLAG

---

### THE BELGIAN FLAG

By EMILE CAMMAERTS

(Translated by Lord Curzon of Kedleston)

RED for the blood of soldiers,  
Black, yellow and red—  
Black for the tears of mothers,  
Black, yellow and red—  
And yellow for the light and flame  
Of the fields where the blood is shed!

To the glorious flag, my children,  
Hark! the call your country gives,  
To the flag in serried order!  
He who dies for Belgium lives!

Red for the purple of heroes,  
Black, yellow and red—  
Black for the veils of widows,  
Black, yellow and red—  
And yellow for the shining crown  
Of the victors who have bled!

To the flag, the flag, my children,  
Hearken to your country's cry!  
Never has it shone so splendid,  
Never has it flown so high!

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Red for the flames in fury,  
Black, yellow and red—  
Black for the mourning ashes,  
Black, yellow and red—  
And yellow of gold, as we proudly hail  
The spirits of the dead!

To the flag, my sons! Your country  
With her blessing "Forward" cries!  
Has it shrunk? No, when smallest,  
Larger, statelier, it flies!  
Is it tattered? No, 'tis stoutest  
When destruction it defies!

## SONG OF THE BELGIANS

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

(Translated by Lord Curzon of Kedleston)

**R**ECK not that your wounds are bleeding,  
Reck not that your voice is weak:  
Louder than the roar of cannon,  
Higher than the battle-shriek,  
Sing, my countrymen, the story  
Of the fields we have *not* won,  
Fields of failure but of glory,  
'Neath this fair autumnal sun:  
Sing how, when the tempter whispered,  
"Buy your safety with your shame,"  
Said we, "Sooner no dishonor  
Shall defile the Belgian name!"



## SONG OF THE BELGIANS

---

Here, amid the smoking ruins,  
Dinant, Aerschot, Termonde,  
Beat the drum and blow the bugle,  
Dance to the unwonted sound!  
Belgians, dance and sing our glory  
On this consecrated ground—  
Eyes are burning, brains are turning—  
Heed not! dance the merry round!

Come with flaming beechen branches,  
And the music of the drum;  
Come, and strew them on the earth-heaps  
Where our dead lie buried, come!  
Choose a day like this, my brothers,  
When the wind a pattern weaves  
'Mid the shivering poplar tree-tops,  
When the scent of fallen leaves  
Floats like perfume through the woodland,  
As it doth to-day, that so  
Some sweet odor of our good land  
May be with them, down below.

We will pray the earth they held so  
Dear, to rock them in her arm,  
On her vast and ample bosom  
Once again to make them warm,  
So that haply, as they slumber,  
They may dream of battles new,  
Dream that Brussels is retaken,  
That Malines is theirs anew,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

That Namur, Liège, and Louvain  
See their armies enter in,  
Till they thunder, in the under-  
World, into a waste Berlin!

Reck not that your wounds are bleeding,  
Reck not that your voice is weak:  
Deeper than the roar of cannon,  
Higher than the battle-shriek,  
E'en altho your wounds are bleeding,  
E'en altho your heart-strings break,  
Sing of hope and hate unshaken,  
'Neath this fair autumnal sun:  
Sing how, when the tempter whispered,  
"Sweet is vengeance, when 'tis done,"  
Said we louder, "We are prouder,  
Mercy's garland to have won!"

### FRANCE

BY CECIL CHESTERTON

**B**ECAUSE for once the sword broke in her hand,  
The words she spoke seemed perished for a space;  
All wrong was brazen, and in every land  
The tyrants walked abroad with naked face.

The waters turned to blood, as rose the Star  
Of evil fate denying all release.  
The rulers smote the feeble crying "War!"  
The usurers robbed the naked crying "Peace!"

## PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

---

And her own feet were caught in nets of gold,  
And her own soul profaned by sects that squirm,  
And little men climbed her high seats and sold  
Her honor to the vulture and the worm.

And she seemed broken and they thought her dead,  
The Over-Men, so brave against the weak.  
Has your last word of sophistry been said,  
O cult of slaves? Then it is hers to speak.

Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened eyes,  
As slow mists parted over Valmy fell,  
And once again her hands in high surprise  
Take hold upon the battlements of Hell.

## PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

August 14, 1914

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

[Since the bombardment of Strasbourg, August 14, 1870, her statue in Paris, representing Alsace, has been draped in mourning by the French people.]

NEAR where the royal victims fell  
In days gone by, caught in the swell  
Of a ruthless tide  
Of human passion, deep and wide:  
There where we two  
A Nation's later sorrow knew—

To-day, O friend! I stood  
Amid a self-ruled multitude  
That by nor sound nor word  
Betrayed how mightily its heart was stirred.

A memory Time never could efface—  
A memory of grief—  
Like a great Silence brooded o'er the place;  
And men breathed hard, as seeking for relief  
From an emotion strong  
That would not cry, tho held in check too long.

One felt that joy drew near—  
A joy intense that seemed itself to fear—  
Brightening in eyes that had been dull,  
As all with feeling gazed  
Upon the Strasbourg figure, raised  
Above us—mourning, beautiful!

Then one stood at the statue's base, and spoke—  
Men needed not to ask what word;  
Each in his breast the message heard,  
Writ for him by Despair,  
That evermore in moving phrase  
Breathes from the Invalides and Père Lachaise—  
Vainly it seemed, alas!  
But now, France looking on the image there,  
Hope gave her back the lost Alsace.

A deeper hush fell on the crowd:  
A sound—the lightest—seemed too loud

## SING, YE TRENCHES!

---

(Would, friend, you had been there!)  
As to that form the speaker rose,  
Took from her, fold on fold,  
The mournful crape, gray-worn and old,  
Her, proudly, to disclose,  
And with the touch of tender care  
That fond emotion speaks,  
'Mid tears that none could quite command,  
Placed the Tricolor in her hand,  
And kissed her on both cheeks!

## SING, YE TRENCHES!

BY HELEN COALE CREW

SING, ye trenches bloody-lipped!  
Sing! For into you has slipped  
*Lycidas, dead ere his prime.*  
All ye cruel trenches, sing!  
Under frost and under rime  
All his body beautiful,  
All his body wonderful,  
Low hath lain. Now, cunningly,  
April, with sweet mystery,  
Molds the trenches horror-lipped  
Into chalices of spring.

*Who would not sing for Lycidas?*  
See, across the hideous gashes  
Soft green fire of April flashes,  
Starred with windflowers delicate;  
Gemmed with purple violet;



Roseate with crimson glow  
Where again his pulses blow  
In young clover. For his sake  
See the budding crocus break  
Into flame; and hear the grass,  
Green-tongued, sing for Lycidas!

Sing, ye gaping wounds of earth!  
Tomb-like, ye have taken him,  
Cradled him, distillèd him;  
Womb-like, ye have brought to birth  
Myriad flowers and fragrances.  
Requiemed with spring he lies.  
God, who took unto his heart  
All his throbbing, vital part,  
Sowed his body in the earth.  
Let the trumpets of the grass  
Pæan shout for Lycidas!

## WHEN THEY HAVE MADE AN END

BY GERALD H. CROW

When they have made an end  
Of their importunate crying over you  
"God speed," and "God defend,"  
And time is swift and there is nought to do  
But match with wilder hope our wild despair;  
When there is quiet, bend  
Your lips to mine, and in the darkness there  
Wish me good courage, friend.



## THE PLACARD

---

### THE PLACARD

BY DAMON

“**E**NEMY’S Terrible Losses”—in letters of red on white

The placard flared its message out through the mist and rain:

Enemy’s terrible losses—I saw the figures plain,  
But their greatness had no meaning, no picture to serve my sight.

I was but glad when I read them, clear in the dim war-light,

Thinking: the sooner ended the more we have maimed and slain; . . .

But later when sleep forsook me the placard flashed again,  
Burning my inward vision in the lonely deep of night.

The thousands stood no longer in printed figures of red—  
They were heaped in desolate places, who heard their country’s call,

And went out singing to battle, and now—lay quiet all.  
And afar in steep-roofed cities, the homes of the enemy dead,

Went up the prayers of women who knew not yet of their fall,

And voices of other women who wept uncomforted.

BEYOND WAR

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I.

NOW seres the planet like a leaf  
On burnt and shaken Ygdrasil.  
What voice have we for this wide ill?  
How shall we mourn when God in grief  
Bows for a world he made and lost  
At love's eternal cost?

'Tis not that brides shall turn to stone,  
And mothers bend with bitter cry  
Cursing the day they did not die  
When daring death they bore a son,  
And waifs shall lift their thin hands up  
For famine's empty cup;

'Tis not that piled in bleeding mounds  
These fathers, sons, and brothers moan,  
Or torn upon the seas go down  
Glad that the waves may hide their wounds;  
Not that the lips that knew our kiss  
Are parched and black, but this:

That thou must pause, O vaulting Mind,  
Untrammelled leaper in the sun;  
Pause, stricken by the spear of one,  
The savage thou hadst left behind;  
Fall, gibber, fade, and final pass,  
Less than returning grass:

That Hate shall end what Love began,  
And strip from Life her human boast,—  
The Maker's whitest dream be lost,  
The dream he trusted to the Man,  
The Man who upright rose and stared  
Farther than eagle dared:

That now the red lust blinds the eye  
That bore the vision, held the star;  
And where Life's fossil recreants are  
Another bone and skull shall lie,  
While she to dust must stoop again  
To build her more than men.

II.

But as the blackest marble's lit  
With struggle of a birthless dawn,—  
Nay, as behind her door undrawn  
Hell forges key that opens it,  
And souls that troop to light and breath  
Cast habit then of death;

Our dark, this dark, wears still a gleam.  
O God, thou wilt not turn thine eyes  
For comfort to thine other skies,—  
Some other star that saved thy dream,—  
Until, her gory fiends fordone,  
Night wrestles to the sun!

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Canst find no cheer in this, that o'er  
Our moaning, reeking battle dews,  
And redder than the blood we lose,  
More hot and swift, in surge before  
War's shriek and smoke, goes up as flame  
The scarlet of our shame?

Stripped and unchristianed in a day,  
Made naked by one blast of war,  
Bare as the beast we know we are,  
Not less shame marks the man, and they  
Who wear with blush the fang and claw  
May yet make love their law.

For "honor" lift we dripping hands.  
For "home" we loose the storm of steel  
Till over earth Thy homeless reel.  
For "country!"—Thine are all the lands.  
We pray, but thou hast seen our dead  
Who knew not why they bled.

So warm were they, with destinies  
Like straining stars that lustrously  
Bore Goethes, Newtons not to be.  
("Long live the king!") So warm were these  
That dropped, and the cold moon alone  
May count them, stone by stone.

## BEYOND WAR

---

Ah, Courage, what slain dreams of men  
Thy blind, brave eyes here shut upon!  
Let reckoners to come outrun  
This unstanch'd loss. Dumb until then,  
We wet Eternity with tears;  
The aching score is hers.

### III.

O Brothers of the lyre and reed,  
Lend not a note to this wild fray,  
Where Christ still cries in agony  
"They know not, Father, *thou* dost bleed!"  
Cast here no song, like flower prest  
To Slaughter's seething breast.

But be the minstrel breath of Peace;  
For her alone lift up your lyre,  
Mad with the old celestial fire,  
Or on our earth let music cease,  
While keep we day and night the long  
Dumb funeral of song.

And if among ye one should rise,  
Blind garlander of armored crime,  
Trailing the jungle in a rhyme,  
Let him be set 'neath blackened skies  
By mourning doors, and there begin  
The last chant of our sin.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Long gone the warrior's dancing plume  
That played o'er battle's early day;  
Now must his song be laid away,  
Child-relic, that was glory's bloom;  
And Man who cannot sing his scars,  
Is he not done with wars?

Ay, hearts deny the feet of haste,  
And as they muster, oh, they break!  
Hate's loudest fife no more can wake  
In them the lust to kill and waste,  
And madly perish, fool on fool,  
That Might, the brute, may rule.

We hope! Love walks thee yet, O Earth!  
Through thy untunable days she glows  
A bowed but yet untrampled rose,  
Wearing the fearless flush of birth,—  
Yea, in our songless shame doth see  
Thyself her harp to be!

Ye ages turning men to mould,  
Yours be the past, the future ours!  
God hear us! There are infant powers  
Stronger than giant sins of old!  
To all the hells that are and were  
Man rises challenger.



## THE BATTLE-LINE

---

Tho' now at final Autumn seem  
Our world with blood and ashes wound,  
Unfaltering Spring shall choose her ground;  
Man shall rebuild with bolder dream,  
The god astir in every limb,  
And earth be green for him;

And Peace shall cast afar her seed,  
Shall set the fields where skulls have lain  
With altar herb for every pain,  
With myrtle and with tunèd reed,  
Till stars that watch have sign to sing  
A sister's flowering.

## THE BATTLE-LINE

By J. B. DOLLARD

**A**THWART that land of blossom'ing vine  
Stretches the awful battle-line;  
A lark hangs singing in the sky,  
With sullen shrapnel bursting nigh!  
Along the poplar-bordered road  
The peasant trudges with his load,  
While horsemen and artillery  
Rush to red fields that are to be!  
The plains for tillage furrowed well  
Are now replowed with shot and shell!  
The ditches, swollen by the rain,  
Show bloated faces of the slain.

The hedge-rows sweet with leaf and flower  
Now mask the cannon's murderous power!  
Small birds by household cares opprest  
Beg truce and time to build their nest.  
The sun sinks down—oh, blest release!  
And the spent world cries out for peace,  
In vain! In vain! Tho' mild stars shine,  
War wakes the thundering battle-line.

FIVE SOULS

BY W. N. EWER

FIRST SOUL—

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;  
I left my plow because the message ran:  
Russia, in danger, needed every man  
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.  
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

SECOND SOUL—

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;  
I gladly left my mountain home to fight  
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;  
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.  
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

## FIVE SOULS

---

### THIRD SOUL—

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,  
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled  
His felon blow at France and at the world;  
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.  
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### FOURTH SOUL—

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,  
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes  
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose  
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.  
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### FIFTH SOUL—

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde,  
There came a sudden word of wars declared,  
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,  
Asking our aid; I joined the ranks, and died.  
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know;  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

THE HOUR

BY JAMES BERNARD FAGAN

WE'VE shut the gates by Dover Straits,  
And North, where the tides run free,  
Cheek by jowl, our watchdogs prowl,  
Grey hulks in a greyer sea.  
And the prayer that England prays to-night—  
O Lord of our destiny!—  
As the foam of our plunging prow, is white;  
We have stood for peace, and we war for right,  
God give us victory!

Now slack, now strung, from the mainmast flung,  
The flag throbs fast in the breeze;  
Strained o'er the foam, like the hearts at home  
That beat for their sons on the seas.  
For mothers and wives are praying to-night—  
O Lord of our destiny!—  
But we've no time, for our lips are tight,  
Our fists are clenched, and we're stripped to fight.  
God give us victory!

The west winds blow in the face of the foe—  
Old Drake is beating his drum—  
They drank to "The Day," for "The Hour" we pray.  
The day and the hour have come.  
The sea-strewn Empire prays to-night—  
O Lord of our destiny!—  
Thou didst give the seas into Britain's might,  
For the freedom of Thy seas we smite.  
God give us victory!

## THE SONG OF THE ENGLISH

---

### THE SONG OF THE ENGLISH

BY PAUL FORT

(Translated by Amy Lowell)

*It's a long way to Tipperary*

**F**IRE! Tommy . . . My heart capers to the banging  
of our cannon. Be calm, old fellow. Ah! it is a  
long way, a long way to Tipperary. Since yesterday's  
thirst quenched without a drop of whiskey, I shoot, every  
one shoots. Ah! . . . it's fine.

Who threw me his bottle? Ah, old Bob, you're dead?  
Be calm, dear boy. Soon Leicester . . . Square . . .  
All right! He died for old England. The bottle is empty.  
Fire! Tommy, shoot some more! We are all fighting  
very well, all right, the dead are wrong.

Quiet, old boy. Ah, it is a long way, a long way to  
Tipperary, over there, near the pretty girl I know. She  
said yes when I said no. Fire, Tommy. My heart  
capers to the banging of our cannon.

Tommy, understand, Tommy, love has points. Yes,  
it's a delicate, distant lady that one never reaches except  
in dreams. O big mug! You dream and everything  
comes; the soul and the body with it. Here there is  
nothing but death, she is an infernal woman.



Death! Ah! if I had looked her way, the German would have taken my neck under her withered arm, and made me taste her mouth with shrapnel for teeth, suffocating my chest to torture. Good God, love hasn't anything crueller than that.

But death, one doesn't think about it, it's in front. Calm, lucky chap. Do you want to see death? She is a great, old, worn-out skeleton, floating over the battle like a standard: just now she is floating over the pointed helmets.

Fire! Tommy . . . What, you are dying too, faithful fellow? You are in the arms of the infernal woman? Get up, old man! Ah, it is a long way, a long way to Tipperary. Goodbye, Leicester Square. Goodbye, Piccadilly!

We were fifteen, hurrah, there are three of us moving. O cannon, your balls are tinged with our blood, our blood which makes our uniforms red again: in front of us the Germans are bleeding fear, they believe that we load your jaws with our hearts.

Dance, dance the jig! Ah, yes . . . though victors we dance our jig in God's open sky. We, good boys, we are at Tipperary. Hullo, Kate; hullo, Annie; hullo, Nellie . . . Our hearts are comfortable, provided that, on earth,

our old England lives forever!



LES DERNIÈRES PENSÉES

BY PAUL FORT

(English Version by John Bailey)

THE twilight falls, spring's softest airs wave round my  
head again.  
What strange thing comes with them to-night? The  
dreams of dying men.

Hark! By the open window there, what means that  
rustling leaf?  
A dying soldier's dying thoughts, his love, and joy, and  
grief.

Yon bell, whose sounds across the fields die slowly one  
by one,  
A dying soldier's ears still hear its solemn-booming tone.

Another's last thoughts travel back to scenes of childish  
play,  
To boys who roved the fields with him through many a  
summer day.

So near their dreams are. This sweet hour is drenched  
with memory.  
'Tis all we ask. We would not stay our sons who fight  
and die.

My dying boy, whose dying eyes pass from some darkened  
room

To where in the old farmstead still lambs bleat and fruit-  
trees bloom,

You will not be the last, my boy. Others like you will  
come,

Come from their death-beds, to console some sorrow-  
stricken home.

That clock upon the chamber-wall—its dull voice seems  
to moan,

Dreaming of him it knew from birth, now dying in  
Argonne.

Yes, dreams are o'er us all. Across this sweet French  
air to-night

The dying watch us in their dreams, more seeing than  
our sight.

A sailor drowns: what meets his ear from far across the  
land?

Some pleasant sound of dinner things set by his mother's  
hand.

Ah, swallows, as ye come, ye go! Life's dream is ending  
now

For, oh, how many! Is't to heaven that their dear last  
dreams go?

## THE VOICE OF THE SLAVES

---

No. As to birds heaven's gates are closed, these dream  
not of the skies.

'Tis ancient homes and faces loved that float o'er dying  
eyes.

Their dreams fly nestward. Still they seek the vision  
of the known,

The loved. O dying hearts, you die in union with your  
own!

## THE VOICE OF THE SLAVES

BY GILBERT FRANKAU, R.S.A.

**W***E are the slaves of the guns,  
Serfs to the dominant things;  
Ours are the eyes and the ears,  
And the brains of their messagings.*

Ours are the hands that unleash  
The blind gods that raven by night,  
The lords of the terror at dawn  
When the landmarks are blotted from sight  
By the thick curdled churnings of smoke,  
When the lost trenches crumble and spout  
Into loud roaring fountains of flame;  
Till, their prison walls down, with a shout  
And a cheer, ordered line after line,  
Black specks on the barrage of gray  
That we lift—as they leap—to the clock,  
Our infantry storm to the fray.

These are our masters, the slim  
Grim muzzles that irk in the pit;  
That chafe for the rushing of wheels,  
For the teams plunging madly to bit  
As the gunners wing down to unkey,  
For the trails sweeping half-circle-right,  
For the six breech-blocks clashing as one  
To a target viewed clear on the sight—  
Gray masses the shells search and tear  
Into fragments that bunch as they run—  
For the hour of the red battle-harvest,  
The dream of the slaves of the gun!

We have bartered our souls to the guns;  
Every fibre of body and brain  
Have we trained to them, chained to them. Serfs?  
Aye! but proud of the weight of our chain,  
Of our backs that are bowed to their workings,  
To hide them and guard and disguise,  
Of our ears that are deafened with service,  
Of hands that are scarred, and of eyes  
Grown hawklike with marking their prey,  
Of wings that are slashed as with swords  
When we hover, the turn of a blade  
From the death that is sweet to our lords.

*By the ears and the eyes and the brain,  
By the limbs and the hands and the wings,  
We are slaves to our masters the guns;  
But their slaves are the masters of kings!*

## GUN-TEAMS

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### GUN-TEAMS

BY GILBERT FRANKAU, R.S.A.

THEIR rugs are sodden, their heads are down, their  
tails are turned to the storm.

(Would you know them, you that groomed them in  
the sleek fat days of peace,—

When the tiles rang to their pawings in the lighted stalls  
and warm,—

Now the foul clay cakes on breeching-strap and clogs  
the quick-release?)

The blown rain stings, there is never a star, the tracks  
are rivers of slime.

(You must harness up by guesswork with a failing  
torch for light,

Instep-deep in unmade standings, for it's active-service  
time,

And our resting weeks are over, and we move the  
guns to-night.)

The iron tires slither, the traces sag; their blind hooves  
stumble and slide;

They are war-worn, they are weary, soaked with  
sweat and sopped with rain.

(You must hold them, you must help them, swing your  
lead and centre wide

Where the greasy granite pavé peters out to squelch-  
ing drain.)



## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

There is shrapnel bursting a mile in front on the road  
that the guns must take;  
    (You are nervous, you are thoughtful, you are shifting  
    in your seat,  
As you watch the ragged feathers flicker orange flame  
and break)—  
    But the teams are pulling steady down the battered  
    village street.

You have shod them cold, and their coats are long, and  
    their bellies gray with the mud;  
    They have done with gloss and polish, but the fighting  
    heart's unbroke.  
We, who saw them hobbling after us down white roads  
    flecked with blood,  
    Patient, wondering why we left them, till we lost them  
    in the smoke;

Who have felt them shiver between our knees, when the  
    shells rain black from the skies,  
    When the bursting terrors find us and the lines  
    stampede as one;  
Who have watched the pierced limbs quiver and the pain  
    in stricken eyes,  
    Know the worth of humble servants, foolish-faithful  
    to their gun!



## EYES IN THE AIR

---

### EYES IN THE AIR

BY GILBERT FRANKAU, R.S.A.

OUR guns are a league behind us, our target a mile  
below,  
And there's never a cloud to blind us from the haunts of  
our lurking foe—  
Sunk pit whence his shrapnel tore us, support-trench  
crest-concealed,  
As clear as the charts before us, his ramparts lie revealed.  
His panicked watchers spy us, a droning threat in the  
void;  
Their whistling shells outfly us—puff upon puff, deployed  
Across the green beneath us, across the flanking gray,  
In fume and fire to sheathe us and balk us of our prey.

Below, beyond, above her,  
Their iron web is spun!  
Flicked but unsnared we hover,  
Edged planes against the sun:  
Eyes in the air above his lair,  
The hawks that guide the gun!

No word from earth may reach us save, white against  
the ground,  
The strips outspread to teach us whose ears are deaf  
to sound:  
But down the winds that sear us, athwart our engine's  
shriek,  
We send—and know they hear us, the ranging guns we  
speak.

Our visored eyeballs show us their answering pennant,  
broke  
Eight thousand feet below us, a whirl of flame-stabbed  
smoke—  
The burst that hangs to guide us, while numbed gloved  
fingers tap  
From wireless key beside us the circles of the map.

Line—target—short or over—  
Comes, plain as clock-hands run,  
Word from the birds that hover,  
Unblinded, tail to sun—  
Word out of air to range them fair,  
From hawks that guide the gun!

Your flying shells have failed you, your landward guns  
are dumb:  
Since earth hath naught availed you, these skies be open!  
Come,  
Where, wild to meet and mate you, flame in their beaks  
for breath,  
Black doves! the white hawks wait you on the wind-  
tossed boughs of death.  
These boughs be cold without you, our hearts are hot  
for this,  
Our wings shall beat about you, our scorching breath  
shall kiss:  
Till, fraught with that we gave you, fulfilled of our desire,  
You bank,—too late to save you from biting beaks of  
fire,—

## THE VOICE OF THE GUNS

---

Turn sideways from your lover,  
Shudder and swerve and run,  
Tilt; stagger; and plunge over  
Ablaze against the sun,—  
Doves dead in air, who clomb to dare  
The hawks that guide the gun!

## THE VOICE OF THE GUNS

BY GILBERT FRANKAU, R.S.A.

WE are the guns, and your masters! Saw ye our  
flashes?

Heard ye the scream of our shells in the night, and the  
shuddering crashes?

Saw ye our work by the roadside, the gray wounded  
lying,

Moaning to God that he made them—the maimed and  
the dying?

Husbands or sons,

Fathers or lovers, we break them! We are the guns!

We are the guns and ye serve us! Dare ye grow weary,  
Steadfast at nighttime, at noontime; or waking, when  
dawn winds blow dreary

Over the fields and the flats and the reeds of the barrier  
water,

To wait on the hour of our choosing, the minute decided  
for slaughter?

Swift the clock runs;

Yes, to the ultimate second. Stand to your guns!

We are the guns and we need you! Here in the timbered  
Pits that are screened by the crest and the copse where  
at dusk ye unlimbered,  
Pits that one found us—and, finding, gave life (did he  
flinch from the giving?);  
Labored by moonlight when wraith of the dead brooded  
yet o'er the living,  
Ere with the sun's  
Rising the sorrowful spirit abandoned its guns.

Who but the guns shall avenge him? Strip us for action!  
Load us and lay to the centremost hair of the dial-sight's  
refraction.  
Set your quick hands to our levers to compass the sped  
soul's assoiling;  
Brace your taut limbs to the shock when the thrust of  
the barrel recoiling  
Deafens and stuns!  
Vengeance is ours for our servants. Trust ye the guns!

Least of our bond-slaves or greatest, grudge ye the  
burden?  
Hard is this service of ours which has only our service  
for guerdon:  
Grow the limbs lax, and unsteady the hands, which  
aforetime we trusted;  
Flawed, the clear crystal of sight; and the clean steel  
of hardihood rusted?

*Dominant ones,*  
*Are we not tried serfs and proven—true to our guns?*

## THE VOICE OF THE GUNS

---

*Ye are the guns! Are we worthy? Shall not these speak  
for us,*

*Out of the woods where the torn trees are slashed with  
the vain bolts that seek for us,*

*Thunder of batteries firing in unison, swish of shell  
flying,*

*Hissing that rushes to silence and breaks to the thud of  
alighting?*

*Death that outruns*

*Horseman and foot? Are we justified? Answer, O guns!*

Yea! by your works are ye justified,—toil unrelieved;  
Manifold labors, coordinate each to the sending achieved;  
Discipline, not of the feet but the soul, unremitting,  
unfeigned;

Tortures unholy by flame and by maiming, known, faced,  
and disdained;

Courage that shuns

Only foolhardiness;—even by these are ye worthy your  
guns!

Wherefore—and unto ye only—power has been given;  
Yea! beyond man, over men, over desolate cities and  
riven;

Yea! beyond space, over earth and the seas and the sky's  
high dominions;

Yea! beyond time, over Hell and the fiends and the  
Death-Angel's pinions!

Vigilant ones,

Loose them, and shatter, and spare not. We are the guns!



THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

BY JOHN FREEMAN

AND now, while the dark vast earth shakes and rocks  
In this wild dreamlike snare of mortal shocks,  
How look (I muse) those cold and solitary stars  
On these magnificent, cruel wars?—  
Venus, that brushes with her shining lips  
(Surely!) the wakeful edge of the world and mocks  
With hers its all ungentle wantonness?—  
Or the large moon (pricked by the spars of ships  
Creeping and creeping in their restlessness),  
The moon pouring strange light on things more strange,  
Looks she unheedfully on seas and lands  
Trembling with change and fear of counterchange?

O, not earth trembles, but the stars, the stars!  
The sky is shaken and the cool air is quivering.  
I cannot look up to the crowded height  
And see the fair stars trembling in their light,  
For thinking of the starlike spirits of men  
Crowding the earth and with great passion quivering:—  
Stars quenched in anger and hate, stars sick with pity.

I cannot look up to the naked skies  
Because a sorrow on dark midnight lies,  
Death, on the living world of sense;  
Because on my own land a shadow lies  
That may not rise;  
Because from bare grey hillside and rich city  
Streams of uncomprehending sadness pour,



## THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

---

Thwarting the eager spirit's pure intelligence. . . .  
How look (I muse) those cold and solitary stars  
On these magnificent, cruel wars?

Stars trembled in broad heaven, faint with pity.  
An hour to dawn I looked. Beside the trees  
Wet mist shaped other trees that branching rose,  
Covering the woods and putting out the stars.  
There was no murmur on the seas,  
No wind blew—only the wandering air that grows  
With dawn, then murmurs, sighs,  
And dies.

The mist climbed slowly, putting out the stars,  
And the earth trembled when the stars were gone;  
And moving strangely everywhere upon  
The trembling earth, thickened the watery mist.

And for a time the holy things are veiled.  
England's wise thoughts are swords; her quiet hours  
Are trodden underfoot like wayside flowers,  
And every English heart is England's wholly.  
In starless night  
A serious passion streams the heaven with light.  
A common beating is in the air—  
The heart of England throbbing everywhere.  
And all her roads are nerves of noble thought,  
And all her people's brain is but her brain;  
And all her history (less her shame)  
Is part of her requickened consciousness.  
Her courage rises clean again;  
Her children's inspiration is her name, her name!

Even in victory there hides defeat;  
 The spirit's murdered though the body survives,  
 Except the cause for which a people strives  
 Burn with no covetous, foul heat;  
 Fights she against herself who infamously draws  
 The sword against man's secret spiritual laws.  
 But thou, England, because a bitter heel  
 Hath sought to bruise the brain, the sensitive will,  
 The conscience of the world,  
 For this, England, art risen, and shalt fight  
 Purely through long profoundest night,  
 Making their quarrel thine who are grieved like thee;  
 And (if to thee the stars yield victory)  
 Tempering their hate of the great foe, that hurled  
 Vainly her strength against the conscience of the world,  
 Though all their dead be countless as the stars,  
 And all the living bitter as the sea.

I looked again, or dreamed I looked, and saw  
 The stars again and all their peace again.  
 The moving mist had gone, and shining still  
 The moon went high and pale above the hill.  
 Not now those lights were trembling in the vast  
 Ways of the nervy heaven, nor trembled earth:  
 Profound and calm they gazed as the soft-shod hours  
     passed.  
 And with less fear (not with less awe,  
 Remembering, England, all the blood and pain),  
 How look, I cried, ye stern and solitary stars  
 On these disastrous wars!

ENGLAND TO FREE MEN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

**M**EN of my blood, you English men!  
From misty hill and misty fen,  
From cot, and town, and plow, and moor,  
Come in—before I shut the door!  
Into my courtyard paved with stones  
That keep the names, that keep the bones,  
Of none but English men who came  
Free of their lives, to guard my fame.

I am your native land who bred  
No driven heart, no driven head;  
I fly a flag in every sea  
Round the old Earth, of Liberty!  
I am the land that boasts a crown;  
The sun comes up, the sun goes down—  
And never men may say of me  
Mine is a breed that is not free.

I have a wreath! My forehead wears  
A hundred leaves—a hundred years  
I never knew the words: "You must!"  
And shall my wreath return to dust?  
Freeman! The door is yet ajar;  
From northern star to southern star,  
O ye who count and ye who delve,  
Come in—before my clock strikes twelve!

THE FATHER

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

THAT was his sort.  
It didn't matter  
What we were at  
But he must chatter  
Of this and that  
His little son  
Had said and done:  
Till, as he told  
The fiftieth time  
Without a change  
How three-year-old  
Prattled a rhyme,  
They got the range  
And cut him short.

MAD

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

NECK-DEEP in mud  
He mowed and raved—  
He who had braved  
The field of blood—  
  
And as a lad  
Just out of school  
Yelled: "April fool!"  
And laughed like mad.

## RAINING

---

### RAINING

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

THE night I left my father said:  
    “You’ll go and do some stupid thing.  
You’ve no more sense in that fat head  
    Than Silly Billy Witterling.

“Not sense to come in when it rains—  
    Not sense enough for that, you’ve got.  
You’ll get a bullet through your brains,  
    Before you know, as like as not.”

And now I’m lying in the trench  
    And shells and bullets through the night  
Are raining in a steady drench,  
    I’m thinking the old man was right.

### INTO BATTLE

FLANDERS, 1915

BY CAPTAIN THE HON. JULIAN GRENFELL, D.S.O.,  
The Royal Dragoons

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,  
    And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun’s gaze glorying,  
    And quivers in the sunny breeze;



And Life is Color and Warmth and Light,  
And a striving evermore for these;  
And he is dead who will not fight;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him. "Brother, brother,  
"If this be the last song you shall sing,  
"Sing well, for you may not sing another,  
"Brother, sing."

## THE OTHER ARMY

---

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only Joy-of-Battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

*Capt. the Hon. Julian Henry Francis Grenfell, of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, and eldest son of Lord Desborough (William Henry Grenfell, K. C. V. O.), was wounded in the battle of Ypres, May 13, 1915, and died at Boulogne about a fortnight later, May 25.*

## THE OTHER ARMY

BY BARTHOLOMEW F. GRIFFIN

O'ER ruined road past draggled field,  
O'er twisted stones of shaken street,  
Marches an army terrible,  
The army of the bleeding feet,—

Of skirted feet that now first leave  
Immaculate field and kitchen floor,—  
Old feet that slept beside the hearth,  
Wee feet that twinkled by the door.

To strange world past the parish line  
(More strange with sound and sight to-day),  
Recruited fast at every hedge,  
The gathering army takes its way.

Commanders? Aye, they trudge ahead,—  
Not badge but babe on every breast.  
The troops? They straggle at her skirt,  
From tot to crone, in ranks ill-drest.

And uniformed—in rusty best  
From cedarn chests and linen bags;  
Ah, rough the roads and chill the winds  
To sabots split and sudden rags!

Equipment? Aye, 'tis furnished well,  
This army of the old and young,—  
On shoulder bent a bundle small,  
A doll from little fingers swung!

Almost complete—it only lacks  
The battle oath and cheer and song;  
Save infant fret and agèd sigh,  
Now dumbly marches it along.

## LITANY OF NATIONS

---

Past gaping window, roof and sill  
It fares to red horizon's edge,  
Past blackened furrow, hearth and fane,—  
And fast it grows at every hedge!

## LITANY OF NATIONS

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters . . . and shall  
be chased before the wind.—ISAIAH.

### GREECE

**A**EONS of old were wandering down the seas,  
When Homer sang at Chios—and the sweet  
Tranquillity of marching silences  
Was broken at my feet.

*Great dawns have shown the way  
When we have wandered.  
God, in the battle sway,  
What have we squandered?*

### ITALY

Avid and Roman born in soul and sense,  
Master of all else but myself was I,  
When, bound by silken cords of indolence,  
I saw the world go by.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

### FRANCE

Ravaging, roystering and repenting—save  
In story and the regions of romance,  
Rises the moon on whom more mad and brave,  
Or beautiful than France?

### GERMANY

Once German arms and German armies hurled  
Thunders on Rome. Than mine no readier hand  
Would wake the violin and woo the world,  
Were it a fairyland.

### AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Mine is a house divided but upheld  
By the sheer force of many hemming powers.  
Ages, like forests, have been hewn and felled  
To build my crumbling towers.

### RUSSIA

Gray winters flourish and old empires fail;  
And still the starry watchmen sally forth  
As wardens, with me, of the frozen grail  
And ramparts of the north.

### BALKAN STATES

Stabbing the skies for stars and air in which  
To bask awhile and breathe—shall we remain  
Simply the little brothers of the rich?  
God! have we fought in vain?



## LITANY OF NATIONS

---

### SPAIN

Strong was my soul in war and wise in peace.  
On whom else was the Moslem vanguard hurled?  
O but for me had any Genoese  
Sailed and brought back a world?

### SWITZERLAND

High noons and sunsets pass while I repeat  
The world-old secret of the endless quest;  
And with the nations ageing at my feet,  
I overlook the west.

### GREAT BRITAIN

Flecking the seas where war and tempest brew,  
And biding till the gonfalons are furled,  
My British sails have dared and driven through  
Thunders that shook the world.

### AMERICA

Westward the tide of empire ebbs and flows:  
And westward where the new-world torches rise  
And rout the night, the Great Day dawning glows  
And kindles in my eyes.

### JAPAN

Amid the warring peoples I that slept  
And dreamt of wide dominion—confident,  
Ambitious, urging, conquering—have stept  
Out from the orient.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

### CHINA

Glory and power for ages had been mine,  
Until upon me fell a sudden night,  
Such as makes beacon-star republics shine:  
And my eyes saw the light.

### TURKEY

In infidel debate on whence and why,  
They hiss my God, and know not whether hale  
And wise, or worn and withering am I,  
Behind the crimson veil.

*Great dawns have shown the way  
When we have wandered.  
God, in the battle sway,  
What have we squandered?*

### THE PYRES

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

PYRES in the night, in the night!  
And the roaring yellow and red.  
Trooper, trooper, why so white?  
We are out to gather our dead.  
We have brought dry boughs from the bloody wood  
And the torn hill-side;  
We have felled great trunks, wet with the blood  
Of brothers that died;

## THE PYRES

---

We have piled them high for a flaming bed,  
Hemlock and ash and pine for a bed,  
A throne in the night, a throne for a bed—  
And we go to gather our dead.

There where the oaks loom, dark and high,  
Over the sombre hill,  
Body on body, cold and still,  
Under the stars they lie.

There where the silver river runs,  
Careless and calm as fate,  
Mowed, mowed by the terrible guns,  
The stricken brothers wait.

There by the smoldering house, and there  
Where the red smoke hangs on the heavy air,  
Under the ruins, under the hedge,  
Cheek by cheek at the forest-edge;  
Back to breast, three men deep,  
Hearing not bugle or drum,  
In the desperate trench they died to keep,  
Under the starry dome they sleep,  
Murmuring, "Brothers, come!"

This way! I heard a call  
Like a stag's when he dies.  
Under the willows I saw him fall.  
Under the willows he lies.  
Give me your hand. Raise him up.  
Lift his head. Strike a light.  
This morning we shared a crust and a cup.  
He wants no supper to-night.

Take his feet. Here the shells  
    Broke all day long,  
Moaning and shrieking hell's  
    Bacchanalian song!  
Last night he helped me bear  
    Men to hell's fêting.  
To-morrow, maybe, somewhere,  
    We, too, shall lie waiting.

Pyres in the night, in the night!  
    Weary and sick and dumb,  
Under the flickering, faint starlight  
    The drooping gleaners come.  
Out of the darkness, dim  
    Shadowy shadow-bearers,  
Dragging into the bale-fire's rim  
    Pallid death-farers.

Pyres in the night, in the night!  
    In the plain, on the hill.  
No volleys for their last rite.  
    We need our powder—to kill.  
High on their golden bed,  
    Pile up the dead!

Pyres in the night, in the night!  
    Torches, piercing the gloom!  
Look! How the sparks take flight!  
    Stars, stars, make room!

## THE REFUGEES

---

Smoke, that was bone and blood!  
Hark! the deep roar.  
It is the souls telling God  
The glory of WAR!

## THE REFUGEES

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

**W**HAT cries, what crashes in the street?  
What riotous madness in the square?  
Oh, frightened heart and flying feet,  
Weeping mother of babes, be fleet!  
Flee like the doe, flee like the hare!  
The terrible hunter is out to slay.  
War, the hunter, with flaming gun!  
His blighting shadow is over the sun.  
To cover, to cover, ye hunted, run!  
Mother and maiden, babe and nun,  
Out of the house and the streets, and away!

Mother, draw close the babe to your bosom,  
Close, close! Hide him well in your shawl!  
For the battle blight is on bud and blossom,  
And the fairest and frailest are first to fall.  
Father, hold fast your little son's hand,  
Sister, hold fast to the sheltering arm!  
War, the hunter, stalks over the land,  
And his breath is thunder and storm,



And trample of hoofs, and murder and pillage,  
Savage eyes and the ruthless blade.  
A roaring forge is the friendly village,  
And hands of hell are the hills where you played.  
Mother, hold close the babe to your breast,  
And flee, flee! For the cannon are loud.  
Cannon to east, cannon to west!  
Look! Falling walls, and a cloud  
Of dust for a shroud  
O'er some one's dearest and best.  
Look! Falling walls, and a spire  
Crumbling to earth!  
Look! Falling walls, and the fire,  
Roaring red mirth.  
Falling walls,  
Withered dreams!  
Cries and calls  
And screams!  
And hither and thither, stricken and bowed,  
The surging and wailing crowd.

This way, that way, this way for flight!  
All that the years have laid on your heart,  
Through toil and passion and dear delight,  
Crowd on your market-cart.  
And out, out, out of the terrible town,  
Out, from the smoke and the crying,  
Out from the dear walls, crashing down  
Over the living, the dying.

## A HYMN FOR AVIATORS

---

Out! And turn not for father or child,  
Lost in the dark and the ravage.  
Out! Ere the golden bowl be defiled  
With the thirsty lips of a savage!

Out, with your cart-load of despair,  
Out, with your shards of faith!  
Out, with your old dame in her chair,  
Moaning, and crying for death.  
Out, out, out! And whither? Who cares?  
Life is ended. Death is come.  
Vain are your lifted hands, and your prayers.  
God is fallen, God is dumb.  
And we, we! We are dead. And the roads  
Where the neighbors go with their carts  
Are the roads of the ghosts in hell, and the loads  
They push are their broken hearts.

## A HYMN FOR AVIATORS

BY MARY C. D. HAMILTON

(Set to music by C. Hubert H. Parry)

**L**ORD, guard and guide the men who fly  
Through the great spaces of the sky,  
Be with them traversing the air  
In dark'ning storm or sunshine fair.

Thou who dost keep with tender might  
The balanced birds in all their flight,  
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,  
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds, with instinct fit,  
What time, adventuring, they quit  
The firm security of land;  
Grant stedfast eye and skilful hand.

Aloft, in solitudes of space,  
Uphold them with Thy saving grace;  
O God, protect the men who fly  
Through lonely ways beneath the sky.

## IN TIME OF THE BREAKING OF NATIONS

BY THOMAS HARDY

### I.

ONLY a man harrowing clods  
In a slow silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.

### II.

Only thin smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch grass;  
—Yet this will go on just the same  
Tho' dynasties pass.

## SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

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### III.

Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by;  
War's annals will fade into night  
Ere their story die.

## SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

BY THOMAS HARDY

WHAT of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,  
To hazards whence no tears can win us;  
What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye  
Who watch us stepping by,  
With doubt and dolorous sigh?  
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!  
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,  
Though some may not see—  
Dalliers as they be!—  
England's need are we;  
Her distress would set us ruing:  
Nay. We see well what we are doing,  
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just,  
And that braggarts must  
Surely bite the dust,  
March we to the field ungrieving,  
In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,  
To hazards whence no tears can win us;  
Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away.



## BELGIUM'S DESTITUTE

---

### BELGIUM'S DESTITUTE

BY THOMAS HARDY

[This poem, written as an appeal to the American people on behalf of the destitute people of Belgium by Thomas Hardy, the English writer, was given out by the American Commission for Relief in Belgium January 3, 1915.]

#### AN APPEAL TO AMERICA

Seven millions stand  
Emaciate, in that ancient Delta-land:—  
We here, full charged with our own maimed and dead,  
And coiled in throbbing conflicts slow and sore,  
Can soothe how slight these ails unmerited  
Of souls forlorn upon the facing shore!  
Where naked, gaunt, in endless band on band  
Seven millions stand.

No man can say  
To your great country that, with scant delay,  
You must, perforce, ease them in their sore need:  
We know that nearer first your duty lies;  
But—is it much to ask that you let plead  
Your loving kindness with you—wooing wise—  
Albeit that aught you owe and must repay  
No man can say?

A SINGSONG OF ENGLAND

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

O ENGLAND is an island,  
The fairest ever seen;  
They say men come to England  
To learn that grass is green.  
And Englishmen are now at war,  
All for this, they say,  
That they are free, and other men  
Must be as free as they.

The Englishmen are shepherds,  
They plow, they sow and reap;  
Their King may wear his leopards,  
His men must run their sheep.  
But now the crook and reaping-hook,  
The coulter and the sieve  
Are thrown aside: they take the gun  
That other men may live.

Some Englishmen are fishermen,  
And other some are miners,  
And others man the shipping yards  
And build the ocean liners;  
But one and all will down tools  
And up with gun and sword  
To make a stand for Freedom  
Against the War Lord.

## A SINGSONG OF ENGLAND

---

The pretty girls of England  
Are husbanding their charms,  
For not a girl of them but has  
A sweetheart under arms.  
But not a girl of all the flock  
Would call across the waves  
Her sweetheart to her kindness  
While other men are slaves.

There's been an English kingdom  
For twice a thousand years;  
Her men have plough'd and reap'd it  
Thro' merriment and tears.  
But never a twenty year has passed  
Without some stroke's been given  
For Freedom; and the land is free  
As any under heaven.

The Roman and the Spaniard,  
The Corsican, have tried  
Their worst, and now the German  
Must perish in his pride.  
He may burn and thief and slaughter,  
He may scold and storm and pray;  
But we shall fight till even his  
Stand up free men some day.

When he is free of Germany  
And Germany of him  
There'll be a chance for plain men  
To get old Europe trim.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Then on, you sturdy English hands,  
And keep the colors flying,  
And we'll not grudge your blessed blood  
If Tyranny's a-dying.

V. D. F.

IN MEMORIAM

BY HUMBERT

YOU from Givenchy, since no years can harden  
The beautiful dead, when holy twilight reaches  
The sleeping cedar and the copper beeches,  
Return to walk again in Wadham Garden.  
We, growing old, grow stranger to the College,  
Symbol of youth, where we were young together,  
But you, beyond the reach of time and weather,  
Of youth in death forever keep the knowledge.  
We hoard our youth, we hoard our youth, and fear it,  
But you, who freely gave what we have hoarded,  
Are with the final goal of youth rewarded  
The road to travel and the traveler's spirit.  
And therefore, when for us the stars go down,  
Your star is steady over Oxford Town.

## PRAYER FOR PEACE

---

### PRAYER FOR PEACE

BY WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

NOW these were visions in the night of war:  
I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Sent down a grievous plague on humankind,  
A black and tumorous plague that softly slew  
Till nations and their armies were no more—  
And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Decreed the Truce of Life:—Wings in the sky  
Fluttered and fell; the quick, bright ocean things  
Sank to the ooze; the footprints in the woods  
Vanished; the freed brute from the abattoir  
Starved on green pastures; and within the blood  
The death-work at the root of living ceased;  
And men gnawed clods and stones, blasphemed and died—  
And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Bowed the free neck beneath a yoke of steel,  
Dumbed the free voice that springs in lyric speech,  
Killed the free art that glows on all mankind,



And made one iron nation lord of earth,  
Which in the monstrous matrix of its will  
Moulded a spawn of slaves. There was One Might—  
And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Palsied all flesh with bitter fear of death.  
The shuddering slayers fled to town and field  
Beset with carrion visions, foul decay,  
And sickening taints of air that made the earth  
One charnel of the shrivelled lines of war.  
And through all flesh that omnipresent fear  
Became the strangling fingers of a hand  
That choked aspiring thought and brave belief  
And love of loveliness and selfless deed  
Till flesh was all, flesh wallowing, styed in fear,  
In festering fear that stank beyond the stars—  
And there was perfect peace . . .  
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,  
Spake very softly of forgotten things,  
Spake very softly old remembered words  
Sweet as young starlight. Rose to heaven again  
The mystic challenge of the Nazarene,  
That deathless affirmation:—Man in God  
And God in man willing the God to be . . .  
And there was war and peace, and peace and war,  
Full year and lean, joy, anguish, life and death,  
Doing their work on the evolving soul,

## THE CALL TO THE COLORS

---

The soul of man in God and God in man.  
For death is nothing in the sum of things,  
And life is nothing in the sum of things,  
And flesh is nothing in the sum of things,  
But man in God is all and God in man,  
Will merged in will, love immanent in love,  
Moving through visioned vistas to one goal—  
The goal of man in God and God in man,  
And of all life in God and God in life—  
The far fruition of our earthly prayer,  
"Thy will be done!" . . . There is no other peace!

## THE CALL TO THE COLORS

BY SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY

**L**IKE the seeds of wind-flowers, lightly blown  
On vagrant, gipsying breeze,  
They are scattered wide throughout our land—  
Aliens from over the seas.  
They came from the crowded fatherlands  
To share in our broader sphere,  
And they built their nests and reared their broods  
Through many a changing year.

But a vibrant cry comes unaware  
From over the crested wave—  
The voice of the warring motherlands  
Calling their children to save:

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

“On our grain-grown fields War plants its guns  
And lights its torch on the crag;  
We need you, sons in the Other Lands,  
Come back and fight for the flag!”

And deep in each listener's heart there stirs  
A memory that has slept  
'Neath blush of blossom and pallor of snows  
While the years have onward crept;  
And he sees in a flash his native hut,  
Where the foeman's banners float—  
And he's German again, or French, or Slav  
At thrill of a bugle-note!

For a man may wander across the world  
And dwell 'neath a stranger's sky,  
But the call of the blood will cleave all space  
When it comes in a battle-cry;  
And the nest he built and the brood he reared  
Are left to an alien flag  
While he turns him home, with his soul aflame,  
To die for a silken rag.

## NO MAN'S LAND

BY J. KNIGHT-ADKIN

NO Man's Land is an eerie sight  
At early dawn in the pale gray light.  
Never a house and never a hedge  
In No Man's Land from edge to edge,

## NO MAN'S LAND

---

And never a living soul walks there  
To taste the fresh of the morning air.  
Only some lumps of rotting clay,  
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?  
You can see them clearly on either hand,  
A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,  
Or a furrow of brown where the earth works run  
From the eastern hills to the western sea,  
Through field or forest o'er river and lea;  
No man may pass them, but aim you well  
And Death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight  
When patrols crawl over at dead o' night;  
*Boche* or British, Belgian or French,  
You dice with death when you cross the trench.  
When the "rapid", like fireflies in the dark,  
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,  
And you drop for cover to keep your head  
With your face on the breast of the four months' dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land  
Is dogged by the shadows on either hand  
When the star-shell's flare, as it bursts o'erhead,  
Scares the great gray rats that feed on the dead,  
And the bursting bomb or the bayonet-snatch  
May answer the click of your safety-catch.  
For the lone patrol, with his life in his hand,  
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

GERMAN PRISONERS

By JOSEPH LEE, Sergeant, The Black Watch

WHEN first I saw you in the curious street,  
Like some platoon of soldier ghosts in grey,  
My mad impulse was all to smite and slay,  
To spit upon you—tread you 'neath my feet.  
But when I saw how each sad soul did greet  
My gaze with no sign of defiant frown,  
How from tired eyes looked spirits broken down,  
How each face showed the pale flag of defeat,  
And doubt, despair, and disillusionment,  
And how were grievous wounds on many a head,  
And on your garb red-faced was other red;  
And how you stooped as men whose strength was spent,  
I knew that we had suffered each as other,  
And could have grasped your hand and cried, "My  
brother!"

*Sergeant Joseph Lee, in speaking of his poem "German Prisoners," states: "During two years of campaigning in France and Belgium, I have never seen, after the heat of action, anything transpire between ourselves and the captured enemy that was opposed to its spirit."*

THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREETS

By W. M. LETTS

THERE'S a woman sobs her heart out,  
With her head against the door,  
For the man that's called to leave her,  
—God have pity on the poor!



## THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREETS

---

But it's beat, drums, beat,  
While the lads march down the street,  
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,  
Keep your tears until they go.

There's a crowd of little children  
That march along and shout,  
For it's fine to play at soldiers  
Now their fathers are called out.

So it's beat, drums, beat;  
But who'll find them food to eat?  
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,  
Ah! the children little know.

There's a mother who stands watching  
For the last look of her son,  
A worn poor widow woman,  
And he her only one.

But it's beat, drums, beat,  
Though God knows when we shall meet;  
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,  
We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing,  
For she thinks a war is grand,  
And it's fine to see the lads pass,  
And it's fine to hear the band.

So it's beat, drums, beat,  
To the fall of many feet;  
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,  
God go with you where you go  
To the war.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

By W. M. LETTS

I SAW the spires of Oxford  
As I was passing by,  
The gray spires of Oxford  
Against a pearl-gray sky.  
My heart was with the Oxford men  
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,  
The golden years and gay,  
The hoary Colleges look down  
On careless boys at play.  
But when the bugles sounded war  
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,  
The cricket-field, the quad,  
The shaven lawns of Oxford  
To seek a bloody sod—  
They gave their merry youth away  
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,  
Who laid your good lives down,  
Who took the khaki and the gun  
Instead of cap and gown.  
God bring you to a fairer place  
Than even Oxford town.

## CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES

---

### CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES

BY W. M. LETTS

"I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterized the work of the Chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign."—SIR JOHN FRENCH, in the *Neuve Chapelle Dispatch*.

AMBASSADOR of Christ you go  
Up to the very gates of Hell,  
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,  
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,  
The Prince of Peace is with you still,  
His peace be with you, His good-will."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,  
To be a man and yet stand by,  
To hold your life while others die,  
To bless, not share the sacrifice,  
To watch the strife and take no part—  
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain Christ  
To know the sweat of agony,  
The darkness of Gethsemane,  
In anguish for these souls unpriced.  
Vicegerent of God's pity you,  
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

In the pale gleam of new-born day,  
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,  
Your altar but a packing-case,  
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,  
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,  
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

As sentinel you guard the gate  
'Twixt life and death, and unto death  
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath  
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,  
But answers, gallant to the end,  
"Christ is the Word—and I his friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,  
For all is well and shall be well.  
What tho you tread the roads of Hell,  
Your Captain these same ways has trod.  
Above the anguish and the loss  
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

## THE BOMBARDMENT

BY AMY LOWELL

SLOWLY, without force, the rain drops into the city.  
It stops a moment on the carved head of Saint John,  
then slides on again, slipping and trickling over his stone  
cloak. It splashes from the lead conduit of a gargoye,  
and falls from it in turmoil on the stones in the Cathedral  
Square. Where are the people, and why does the fretted

## THE BOMBARDMENT

---

steeple sweep about in the sky? Boom! the sound swings against the rain. Boom, again! After it, only water rushing in the gutters, and the turmoil from the spout of the gargoyle. Silence. Ripples and mutters. Boom!

The room is damp, but warm. Little flashes swarm about from the fire-light. The lustres of the chandelier are bright, and clusters of rubies leap in the Bohemian glasses on the *étagère*. Her hands are restless, but the white masses of her hair are quite still. Boom! Will it never cease to torture, this iteration! Boom! The vibration shatters a glass on the *étagère*. It lies there formless and glowing, with all its crimson gleams shot out of pattern, spilled, flowing red, blood-red. A thin bell-note pricks through the silence. A door creaks. The old lady speaks: "Victor, clear away that broken glass." "Alas! Madame, the Bohemian glass!" "Yes, Victor, one hundred years ago my father brought it—" Boom! The room shakes, the servitor quakes. Another goblet shivers and breaks. Boom!

It rustles at the window-pane,—the smooth, streaming rain, and he is shut within its clash and murmur. Inside is his candle, his table, his ink, his pen, and his dreams. He is thinking, and the walls are pierced with beams of sunshine, slipping through young green. A fountain tosses itself up at the blue sky, and through the spattered water in the basin he can see copper carp, lazily floating among cold leaves. A wind-harp in a cedar-tree grieves and whispers, and words blow into his brain, bubbled, iridescent, shooting up like flowers of fire, higher and



higher. Boom! The flame-flowers snap on their slender stems. The fountain rears up in long broken spears of disheveled water and flattens into the earth. Boom! And there is only the room, the table, the candle, and the sliding rain. Again, Boom!— Boom!— Boom!— He stuffs his fingers into his ears. He sees corpses, and cries out in fright. Boom! It is night, and they are shelling the city! Boom! Boom!

A child wakes and is afraid, and weeps in the darkness. What has made the bed shake? "Mother, where are you? I am awake." "Hush, my Darling, I am here." "But, Mother, something so queer happened, the room shook." Boom! "Oh! What is it? What is the matter?" Boom! "Where is Father? I am so afraid." Boom! The child sobs and shrieks. The house trembles and creaks. Boom!

Retorts, globes, tubes, and phials lie shattered. All his trials oozing across the floor. The life that was his choosing, lonely, urgent, goaded by a hope, all gone. A weary man in a ruined laboratory, that was his story. Boom! Gloom and ignorance, and the jig of drunken brutes. Diseases like snakes crawling over the earth, leaving trails of slime. Wails from people burying their dead. Through the window he can see the rocking steeple. A ball of fire falls on the lead of the roof, and the sky tears apart on a spike of flame. Up the spire, behind the lacings of stone, zig-zagging in and out of the carved tracings, squirms the fire. It spouts like yellow wheat from the gargoyles, coils round the head of Saint

## THE BOMBARDMENT

---

John, and aureoles him in light. It leaps into the night and hisses against the rain. The Cathedral is a burning stain on the white, wet night.

Boom! The Cathedral is a torch, and the houses next to it begin to scorch. Boom! The Bohemian glass on the *étagère* is no longer there. Boom! A stalk of flame sways against the red damask curtains. The old lady cannot walk. She watches the creeping stalk and counts. Boom!—Boom!— Boom!

The poet rushes into the street, and the rain wraps him in a sheet of silver. But it is threaded with gold and powdered with scarlet beads. The city burns. Quivering, spearing, thrusting, lapping, streaming, run the flames. Over roofs, and walls, and shops, and stalls. Smearing its gold on the sky, the fire dances, lances itself through the doors, and lips and chuckles along the floors.

The child wakes again and screams at the yellow-petaled flower flickering at the window. The little red lips of flames creep along the ceiling beams.

The old man sits among his broken experiments and looks at the burning Cathedral. Now the streets are swarming with people. They seek shelter, and crowd into cellars. They shout and call, and over all, slowly and without force, the rain drops into the city. Boom! And the steeple crashes down among the people. Boom! Boom, again! The water rushes along the gutters. The fire roars and mutters. Boom!

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

### FRANCE

By PERCY MACKAYE

HALF artist and half anchorite,  
Part siren and part Socrates,  
Her face—alluring and yet recondite—  
Smiled through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask,  
Till sudden, at war's kindling spark,  
Her inmost self, in shining mail and casque,  
Blazed to the world her single soul—  
Jeanne d'Arc!

### SONNETS

By PERCY MACKAYE

#### DOUBT

SO thin, so frail the opalescent ice  
Where yesterday, in lordly pageant, rose  
The monumental nations—the repose  
Of continents at peace! Realities  
Solid as earth they seemed; yet in a trice  
Their bastions crumbled in the surging flocks  
Of unconceivable, inhuman woes,  
Gulfed in a mad, unmeaning sacrifice.

## SONNETS

---

We, who survive that world-quake, cower and start,  
Searching our hidden souls with dark surmise:  
So thin, so frail—is reason? Patient art—  
Is it all a mockery, and love all lies?  
Who sees the lurking Hun in childhood's eyes?  
Is hell so near to every human heart?

### DESTINY

We are what we imagine, and our deeds  
Are born of dreaming. Europe acts to-day  
Epics that little children in their play  
Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their creeds;  
In barrack, court and school were sown those seeds,  
Like Dragon's teeth, which ripen to affray  
Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to slay,  
And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.

Mock, then, no more at dreaming, lest our own  
Create for us a like reality!  
Let not imagination's soil be sown  
With armed men but justice, so that we  
May for a world of tyranny atone  
And dream from that despair—democracy.

### RHEIMS

Apollo mourns another Parthenon  
In ruins!—Is the God of Love awake?  
And we—must we behold the world's heart break  
For peace and beauty ravished, and look on

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Dispassionate?—Rheims' gloried fane is gone:  
Not by a planet's rupture, nor the quake  
Of subterranean titans, but to slake  
The vengeance of a Goth Napoleon.

O Time, let not the anguish numb or pall  
Of that remembrance! Let no callous heal  
Our world-wound, till our kindled pities call  
The parliament of nations, and repeal  
The vows of war. Till then, pain keep us thrall!  
More bitter than to battle—is to feel.

### CHRISTMAS, 1915

BY PERCY MACKAYE

**N**OW is the midnight of the nations: dark  
Even as death, beside her blood-dark seas,  
Earth, like a mother in birth agonies,  
Screams in her travail, and the planets hark  
Her million-throated terror. Naked, stark,  
Her torso writhes enormous, and her knees  
Shudder against the shadowed Pleiades,  
Wrenching the night's imponderable arc.

Christ! What shall be delivered to the morn  
Out of these pangs, if ever indeed another  
Morn shall succeed this night, or this vast mother  
Survive to know the blood-sprent offspring, torn  
From her racked flesh?—What splendor from the  
smother?

What new-wing'd world, or mangled god still-born?



## ITALIAN SOLDIERS

---

### ITALIAN SOLDIERS

BY QUEEN MARGHERITA

OH, Fatherland, our Fatherland, forever wilt thou be  
Deserving of the holy love thy children bear to  
thee.

Behold them armed for thy defense, and eager for thy  
sake

To fare where war's appalling blasts like tempests round  
them break,

Content with any sacrifice tho Death be close at hand,  
Because of their devoted love for thee, their Fatherland.

Tho perils compass them about, tho foes in legions rise,  
They see the star of Italy shine clearly in the skies,  
And with the courage that it brings, their blood they  
freely shed,

Each drop a gem that well may grace the crown upon  
thy head;

And while that star holds out to shine its light will not  
depart,

To leave in darkness and despair the brave Italian heart.

Beneath their glorious uniforms their bosoms nobly thrill  
With all the lofty sentiments their country can instil.

For ever have their eyes been turned to every far frontier  
Where haply an invading host of foemen might appear.

These are the men who make you great, who, loyal, firm,  
and true,

Have dared to do the mighty deeds we dreamed that they  
would do.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

And when the time of peace has come and wondering  
children see

The scars the war-worn patriots received—for Italy—  
They, too, shall be inspired to deeds upon the field of war  
To match the glorious record that their fathers made  
before.

Let all who see the colors pass with heads uncovered stand  
And reverence these protectors of the glorious Fatherland.

Oh, Italy—the sweetest name the brave Italian speaks  
As he patrols thy shining seas, or watches from thy peaks.  
Their country is their life, their all—let every woman's  
prayer

Arise to God to bless them, and the mighty arms they  
bear.

Oh, Sun which gilds our lovely land from shore to sea-  
washed shore,

Was ever more inspiring sight than these—our men  
of war?

## O GLORIOUS FRANCE!

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

**Y**OU have become a forge of snow white fire,  
A crucible of molten steel, O France!  
Your sons are stars who cluster to a dawn  
And fade in light for you, O glorious France!  
They pass through meteor changes with a song  
Which to all islands and all continents  
Says life is neither comfort, wealth, nor fame,  
Nor quiet hearthstones, friendship, wife nor child,

## O GLORIOUS FRANCE

---

Nor love, nor youth's delight, nor manhood's power,  
Nor many days spent in a chosen work,  
Nor honored merit, nor the patterned theme  
Of daily labor, nor the crowns nor wreaths  
Of seventy years.

These are not all of life,  
O France, whose sons amid the rolling thunder  
Of cannon stand in trenches where the dead  
Clog the ensanguined ice. But life to these  
Prophetic and enraptured souls is vision,  
And the keen ecstasy of fated strife,  
And divination of the loss as gain,  
And reading mysteries with brightened eyes  
In fiery shock and dazzling pain before  
The orient splendor of the face of Death,  
As a great light beside a shadowy sea;  
And in a high will's strenuous exercise,  
Where the warmed spirit finds its fullest strength  
And is no more afraid. And in the stroke  
Of azure lightning when the hidden essence  
And shifting meaning of man's spiritual worth  
And mystical significance in time  
Are instantly distilled to one clear drop  
Which mirrors earth and heaven.

This is life

Flaming to heaven in a minute's span  
When the breath of battle blows the smoldering spark.  
And across these seas  
We who cry Peace and treasure life and cling  
To cities, happiness, or daily toil

For daily bread, or trail the long routine  
Of seventy years, taste not the terrible wine  
Whereof you drink, who drain and toss the cup  
Empty and ringing by the finished feast;  
Or have it shaken from your hand by sight  
Of God against the olive woods.

As Joan of Arc amid the apple trees  
With sacred joy first heard the voices, then  
Obeying plunged at Orleans in a field  
Of spears and lived her dream and died in fire,  
Thou, France, hast heard the voices and hast lived  
The dream and known the meaning of the dream,  
And read its riddle: How the soul of man  
May to one greatest purpose make itself  
A lens of clearness, how it loves the cup  
Of deepest truth, and how its bitterest gall  
Turns sweet to soul's surrender.

And you say:

Take days for repetition, stretch your hands  
For mocked renewal of familiar things:  
The beaten path, the chair beside the window,  
The crowded street, the task, the accustomed sleep,  
And waking to the task, or many springs  
Of lifted cloud, blue water, flowering fields—  
The prison house grows close no less, the feast  
A place of memory sick for senses dulled  
Down to the dusty end where pitiful Time  
Grown weary cries Enough!

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company,  
from Edgar Lee Masters' "Songs and Satires."*

SUMMER IN ENGLAND, 1914

BY ALICE MEYNELL

ON London fell a clearer light;  
Caressing pencils of the sun  
Defined the distances, the white  
Houses transfigured one by one,  
The "long, unlovely street" impearled.  
O what a sky has walked the world!

Most happy year! And out of town  
The hay was prosperous, and the wheat;  
The silken harvest climbed the down;  
Moon after moon was heavenly sweet,  
Stroking the bread within the sheaves,  
Looking twixt apples and their leaves.

And while this rose made round her cup,  
The armies died convulsed; and when  
This chaste young silver sun went up  
Softly, a thousand shattered men,  
One wet corruption, heaped the plain,  
After a league-long throb of pain.

Flower following tender flower, and birds,  
And berries; and benignant skies  
Made thrive the serried flocks and herds.  
Yonder are men shot through the eyes,  
And children crushed. Love, hide thy face  
From man's unpardonable race.



## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

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### A REPLY

Who said "No man hath greater love than this  
To die to serve his friend?"  
So these have loved us all unto the end.  
Chide thou no more, O thou unsacrificed!  
The soldier dying dies upon a kiss,  
The very kiss of Christ.

### KITCHENER

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NO man in England slept, the night he died:  
The harsh, stern spirit passed without a pang,  
And freed of mortal clogs his message rang.  
In every wakeful mind the challenge cried:  
*Think not of me: one servant less or more*  
*Means nothing now: hold fast the greater thing—*  
*Strike hard, love truth, serve England and the King!*

Servant of England, soldier to the core,  
What does it matter where his body fall?  
What does it matter where they build the tomb?  
Five million men, from Calais to Khartoum,  
These are his wreath and his memorial.

## THE GIFT OF INDIA

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### THE GIFT OF INDIA

BY SAROJINI NAIDU

**I**S there aught you need that my hands withhold,  
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?  
Lo! I have flung to the East and West  
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,  
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb  
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves  
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves;  
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,  
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands;  
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance  
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep  
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?  
Or the pride that thrills thro' my heart's despair  
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?  
And the far, sad, glorious vision I see  
Of the torn red banners of Victory?

When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease  
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,  
And your love shall offer memorial thanks  
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,  
And you honor the deeds of the deathless ones,  
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!

THE VIGIL

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame  
Burns before the inmost shrine,  
Where the lips that love thy name  
Consecrate their hopes and thine,  
Where the banners of thy dead  
Weave their shadows overhead,  
Watch beside thine arms to-night,  
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes  
War shall claim command of all,  
Thou must hear the roll of drums,  
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.  
Now before they silence ruth,  
Commune with the voice of truth;  
England! on thy knees to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,  
Hither all thy heroes came,  
On this altar's steps were laid  
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.  
England! if thy will be yet  
By their great example set,  
Here beside thine arms to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right.

## A CAROL FROM FLANDERS

---

So shalt thou when morning comes  
Rise to conquer or to fall,  
Joyful hear the rolling drums,  
Joyful hear the trumpets call.  
Then let memory tell thy heart  
"England! what thou wert, thou art!"  
Gird thee with thine ancient might,  
Forth! and God defend the Right!

*From "Poems New and Old" (John Murray), by permission of the author.*

## A CAROL FROM FLANDERS

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

IN Flanders on the Christmas morn  
The trenchèd foemen lay,  
The German and the Briton born—  
And it was Christmas Day.

The red sun rose on fields accurst,  
The gray fog fled away;  
But neither cared to fire the first,  
For it was Christmas Day.

They called from each to each across  
The hideous disarray  
(For terrible had been their loss):  
"O, this is Christmas Day!"

Their rifles all they set aside,  
One impulse to obey;  
'Twas just the men on either side,  
Just men—and Christmas Day.

They dug the graves for all their dead  
And over them did pray;  
And Englishmen and German said:  
"How strange a Christmas Day!"

Between the trenches then they met,  
Shook hands, and e'en did play  
At games on which their hearts are set  
On happy Christmas Day.

Not all the Emperors and Kings,  
Financiers, and they  
Who rule us could prevent these things—  
For it was Christmas Day.

O ye who read this truthful rime  
From Flanders, kneel and say:  
*God speed the time when every day  
Shall be as Christmas Day.*



## FORWARD

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### FORWARD

BY ALFRED NOYES

**A** *THOUSAND* creeds and battle-cries,  
A thousand warring social schemes,  
A thousand new moralities,  
And twenty thousand thousand dreams.

*Each on his own anarchic way,  
From the old order breaking free—  
Our ruined world desires, you say,  
License, once more, not liberty.*

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,  
When storm and change are on the deep,  
How quietly the tides come home,  
And how the depths of sea-shine sleep;

And we who march toward a goal,  
Destroying only to fulfil  
The law, the law of that great soul  
Which moves beneath your alien will;

We, that like foemen meet the past  
Because we bring the future, know  
We only fight to achieve at last  
A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand  
When all our wars are rolled away;  
Reunion of the heart and hand  
And of the prayers wherewith we pray;

Reunion in the common needs,  
The common strivings of mankind;  
Reunion of our warring creeds  
In the one God that dwells behind . . .

Forward!—what use in idle words?  
Forward, O warriors of the soul!  
There will be breaking up of swords  
When that new morning makes us whole.

## THE SEARCHLIGHTS

BY ALFRED NOYES

“Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State.”—GENERAL VON BERNHARD.

**S**HADOW by shadow, stripped for fight,  
The lean black cruisers search the sea.  
Nightlong their level shafts of light  
Revolve and find no enemy.  
Only they know each leaping wave  
May hide the lightning and their grave!

And in the land they guard so well  
Is there no silent watch to keep?  
An age is dying, and the bell  
Rings midnight on a vaster deep;  
But over all its waves once more  
The searchlights move from shore to shore.

## THE SEARCH-LIGHTS

---

And captains that we thought were dead,  
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,  
And voices that we thought were fled,  
Arise and call us—and we come:  
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry,  
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul:  
The sloth, the intellectual pride,  
The trivial jest that veils the goal  
For which our fathers lived and died;  
The lawless dreams, the cynic art,  
That rend thy nobler self apart!

Not far, not far into the night  
These level swords of light can pierce;  
Yet for her faith does England fight—  
Her faith in this our universe,  
Believing Truth and Justice draw  
From founts of everlasting law.

Therefore a Power above the State—  
The unconquerable Power, returns.  
The fire, the fire that made her great,  
Once more upon her altar burns.  
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,  
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

A PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR

BY ALFRED NOYES

THOU whose deep ways are in the sea,  
Whose footsteps are not known,  
To-night a world that turned from Thee  
Is waiting—at Thy Throne.

The towering Babels that we raised  
Where scoffing sophists brawl,  
The little Antichrists we praised—  
The night is on them all.

The fool hath said. . . . The fool hath said. . . .  
And we, who deemed him wise,  
We, who believed that Thou wast dead,  
How should we seek Thine eyes?

How should we seek to Thee for power,  
Who scorned Thee yesterday?  
How should we kneel in this dread hour?  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Grant us the single heart once more  
That mocks no sacred thing,  
The sword of Truth our fathers wore  
When Thou wast Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell  
Our deep unspoken prayer;  
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,  
We know that Thou art there.

1915

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

HANG the hills with black,  
And blacken the early violets with the blood of  
the young:

What want we with a Spring of fragrant farmlands,  
Gardens, smokes of the brush,  
And healing rains?

Let the birds, the winds and the sea  
Sing no more the loves of mating, and the marriage chants  
of Spring . . .

But mournfully pipe dirges of broad-cast tragic death.

What want we with the Spring?

We have cast in roaring foundries the dark-bored steel,  
And like gods have snatched the chemical might of the  
Earth,

And devised a killing and a crime . . .

Out of the murder of our hearts, we have wrought great  
havoc. . . .

Sinking of ships at sea, and the toppling of cities,  
And the mowing of living hosts!

What want we with the Spring?

Patiently the millions wrought:

With sacrificial hands, and suffering vision,  
Chaos became a city, a ship, a school . . .



Up was lifted the child, and the young mind scrutinized  
That not a life might be lost . . .  
How unfold these buds? how grow these possibilities?  
Steadily the gates of pain were battered,  
And the gates of darkness assailed,  
And the waste of the spirit striven with.

And the young went forth crying: Spring! Spring!  
Hope dawns! A glory!  
We are shaping a marvel in the skies!  
Man becomes god: this is the morning and the first day  
of Creation!

Spring?  
The hosts contend together:  
Cities are become dust-heaps:  
The young god, the Creator,  
Has turned fury and fiend, the Destroyer . . .  
Strange sowing of seed goes on:  
This is the year when we sow the Earth with the flesh of  
the young men . . .

Black! black! black!  
We have blasted away in a day,  
Our own children,  
Our own creation . . .

We have gone mad, killing the young,  
Slaying the hope of the world . . .  
Now youth leaves his dream and his toil and his quicken-  
ing love  
To kill or to die . . .

O short-lived generation!  
Debauch of blood!  
Folly and sin!

No more of it!  
Take away Spring, and give over the planet to a moon's  
death, a frozen death:  
Our Earth deserves extinction,  
With her rotten breed of men . . .

So I cried, and in rage and grief went forth through the  
city,  
The New-World City of Peace . . .

I passed a prison . . .  
Broken men decayed in the damp . . .  
I passed a mill . . .  
Children and pale women peered wistfully from the  
windows . . .  
I passed a hospital . . .  
Human wreckage sunned there beside the morgue.  
I walked through stinking slums . . .  
Children nosed in the garbage.

Then I went to the home of a friend,  
And found darkness . . .  
Husband and wife were slowly slaying each other:  
Slaying with love.

The woman whispered to me:  
"God! Could I go to the war—go to the war and be  
killed!"

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Then I looked in my own breast,  
And I said: What war is this I am bitter against?  
Behold, the lyddite of my soul that destroys peace  
about me,  
Behold, the bayonet of my hate, and the shrapnel of my  
bestiality:  
The contending armies of lusts and shames and intrigues:  
The sentries of dark sins: the spies of despal . . .  
In this little world of Self I saw the big:  
In my own breast I found war and disaster and ship  
sinking,  
The death of faith and of hope . . .  
Behold, in myself I found Man:  
Who since the beginning has been this advancing con-  
flict . . .  
Ever thus . . .

Then is it marvel no peace is on Earth?  
Where is the Man of Peace?  
Shall I be crushed then by the obvious horror of blood  
and carrion?  
By wholesale carnage?

Dark in the world of darkness, I left the city:  
And then I saw,  
O ancient and new miracle . . .  
Resistless, laughing at death, overruling decay,  
Earth silently lifted life . . .  
Impassive and calm lay the heaps of the hills,  
And steadily rising,

Green pierced through, and the soil steamed, and the  
birds nested.

There was the farmer-boy plowing,  
And there the young wife airing the house,  
And close to the handled mud the absorbed faces of  
children . . .

Lo, thought I, Earth holds to her hope!

Then I greeted the hills . . .

O let them be mantled with green, I said,  
And let beauty hang from the boughs . . .

Increase the laughter of children,  
String the cities with color and glory,  
Lift a music . . .

Once were the heavens a blackness,  
Then blazed a sun forth . . .

In the Earth's blackness, O tragic struggler, roll forth  
your splendid sun

Fight darkness with light,  
Destruction with creation.

Have cities toppled and ships been sunk?

Build! Build!

Is youth slain?

Beget new children of flesh and toil:

Beget a new self of splendor . . .

Have hopes died?

Kindle new ones . . .

Has man fallen?

You, man, arise!

THREE HILLS

BY EVERARD OWEN

THERE is a hill in England,  
Green fields and a school I know,  
Where the balls fly fast in summer,  
And the whispering elm-trees grow,  
A little hill, a dear hill,  
And the playing-fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,  
Heaped with a thousand slain,  
Where the shells fly night and noontide  
And the ghosts that died in vain,  
A little hill, a hard hill  
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,  
Three crosses pierce the sky,  
On the midmost, He is dying  
To save all those who die,  
A little hill, a kind hill  
To souls in jeopardy.



## AUSTRALIA

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### AUSTRALIA

(From "Chants in War")

By W. S. PAKENHAM-WALSH

IN front the steep cliffs loom,  
Shrouded in dreadful gloom,  
Dark with impending doom,  
And silent as the tomb,  
At Krithia.

But behind, a mother's power,  
Britannia's threatening roar,  
As her children near the shore,  
And her youngest steps to war,  
Australia!

\* \* \* \* \*

In front the beetling land,  
The cruel narrow sand,  
Fretted with silver band,  
Festooned with fiendish hand,  
At Gaba Tepe.

But behind, across the firth,  
The dearest homes on earth,  
Sydney, Melbourne, Perth,  
The land that gave them birth,  
Australia!

\* \* \* \* \*

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

In front the victor's crown,  
The glorious welcome home,  
Britannia's great "Well done,"  
Or a life laid nobly down,  
At Sari Bair.

And behind, the great campaign,  
A never dying fame,  
And a new immortal name  
For the land from whence they came,  
Australia!

## MEN HAVE WINGS AT LAST

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

"WOLF, Wolf-stay-at-home,  
Prowler,—scout,  
Clanless and castaways,  
And ailing with the drought,  
Out from your hidings,—hither to the call;  
Lift up your eyes to the high wind-fall!  
Lift up your eyes from the poisoned spring;  
Overhead,—Overhead! The dragon Thing,  
—What should it bring?  
—Poising on the wing?"

“Wolf, Wolf, Old One, I saw it, even I.  
Yesterday yesterday, the Thing came by  
Prowling at the outpost of the last lean wood,  
By the gray waste ashes where the minster stood;  
And out through the cloister where the belfry fronts  
The market-place and the town was once;  
High,—high above the bright wide square  
And the folk all flocking together, unaware,  
The Thing-with-the-wings came there.

Brother Vulture saw it  
And called me, as it passed:  
*“Look and see, look and see,—  
Men have wings at last.”*

“By the eyeless belfry I saw it, overhead,  
Poised like a hawk,—like a storm unshed.  
Near the huddled doves there, from the shattered cote,  
I watched to. . . And it smote!

“Not a threat of thunder,—not an armed man,  
Where the fury struck, and the fleet fire ran.—  
But girl-child, man-child, mothers and their young,  
Newborn of woman, with milk upon its tongue;  
Nursling where it clung.

“Not a talon reached they, yet, the lords of prey!  
But left the red dregs there, rent and cast away;  
Fled from the spoils there, scattered things accurst:  
——It was not for hunger;  
It was not for thirst.

From the eyeless belfry,  
Brother Vulture laughed:  
*"This is all we have to see  
For his master-craft?  
—Old ones, and lean ones,  
Never now to fast,  
Men have wings at last!"*

"Brought they any tidings for us from the Sun?"

"No, my chief, not one."

"Left they not a road-sign, how the way was won?"

"No, my chief, none.

But girl-child, man-child, creature yet unborn,  
Doe and fawn together so, weltering and torn,  
Newborn of woman where the flag-stones bled;  
(Better can the vultures do, for the shamèd dead.)  
Road-dust sobbing where the lightning burst—  
It was not for hunger;  
It was not for thirst."

"Brought they not some token that the stars look on?"

—"No, my chief, none."

"Never yet a message from the highways overhead?"

—"Brother, I have said."

"Old years, gray years, years of growing things,  
We have toiled and kept the watch with our wonderings;  
But to see what thing should be, when that Men had  
Wings.

"Sea-mark, sea-wall,—ships above the tide;  
Mine and mole-way under-earth, to have its hidden  
pride;—  
Not enough, not enough; more and more beside!

"Bridle for our proud-of-mane,—then the triple yoke;  
Ox-goad and lash again, and bonded fellow-folk!  
Not enough; not enough;—for his master-stroke.  
Thunder trapped and muttering and led away for thrall;  
Lightnings leashed together then, at his beck and call;  
Not enough; not enough;—for his Wherewithal!

"He must look with evil eye  
On the spaces of the sky:  
He must scheme, and try!—  
While all we, with dread and awe,  
Sheathing and unsheathing claw,  
Watch apart, and prophesy  
That we never saw.—

"Wings, to seek his more-and-more  
Where we knew us blind;  
Wings to make him conquer,  
With his master-mind;  
Wings, that he out-watch,—out-soar,  
Eagle and his kind!

"Lo, the dream fulfilled at last!—And the dread outgrown,  
Broken, as a bird's heart;—fallen as a stone  
    . . . What was he, to make afraid?  
——Hating all that he had made?  
——Hating all his own.



"Scatter to your strongholds, till the race is run.  
Doe and fawn together, so, soon it will be done.  
Never now, never now, Ship without a mast,  
In the harbors of the Sun, do you make fast!  
    But the floods shall cleanse again  
    Every blackened trail of Men,—  
    Men with wings, at last!"

HARVEST MOON: 1914

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

OVER the twilight field,  
    The overflowing field,—  
Over the glimmering field,  
And bleeding furrows with their sodden yield  
Of sheaves that still did writhe,  
After the scythe;  
The teeming field and darkly overstrewn  
With all the garnered fulness of that noon—  
Two looked upon each other.  
One was a Woman men had called their mother;  
And one, the Harvest Moon.

And one the Harvest Moon,  
Who stood, who gazed  
On those unquiet gleanings where they bled;  
Till the lone Woman said:

"But we were crazed . . .

We should laugh now together, I and you,  
We two.

You, for your ever dreaming it was worth  
A star's while to look on and light the Earth;  
And I, forever telling to my mind,  
Glory it was, and gladness, to give birth  
To humankind!

Yes, I, that ever thought it not amiss  
To give the breath to men,  
For men to slay again:

Lording it over anguish but to give  
My life, that men might live  
For this.

You will be laughing now, remembering  
I called you once Dead World, and barren thing,  
Yes, so we named you then,  
You, far more wise  
Than to give life to men."

Over the field, that there  
Gave back the skies  
A scattered upward stare  
From blank white eyes,—  
The furrowed field that lay  
Striving awhile, through many a bleeding dune  
Of throbbing clay, but dumb and quiet soon,  
She looked; and went her way—  
The Harvest Moon.

WOMEN AND WAR

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

WOMEN of England, yours how hard the task,  
Service from you how difficult we ask!  
Glorious to stand against the leaden hail,  
In the mown war-line not to flinch or fail!  
Splendid the onrush and the charging cheer,  
Yet glorious too to check the coming tear.  
The doubt by night to stifle, through the day  
The deep alarm not outwardly betray.  
O dull expectancy that finds not vent!  
O silent anguish that *will* not lament!  
O mad uncertainty from dawn to eve!  
O worse to wait than battle to receive!  
Heroes are ye, who but the sob repress,  
Your victory dumb is victory no less!

TO A MOTHER

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ROBBED mother of the stricken Motherland—  
Two hearts in one and one among the dead,  
Before your grave with an uncovered head  
I, that am man, disquiet and silent stand  
In reverence. It is your blood they shed;  
It is your sacred self that they demand,  
For one you bore in joy and hope, and planned  
Would make yourself eternal, now has fled.

## BETWEEN THE LINES

---

But tho' you yielded him unto the knife  
And altar with a royal sacrifice  
Of your most precious self and dearer life—  
Your master gem and pearl above all price—  
Content you; for the dawn this night restores  
Shall be the dayspring of his soul and yours.

## BETWEEN THE LINES

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND

### I.

**B**ESIDE the hollow of the wood—  
Fresh and sweet is the early green—  
Two sentinels like shadows stood,  
And the night stood round with her somber screen.

### II.

Into their eyes gray morning crept,  
Crept and caressed the morning breath;  
And there in the leveled rifles slept—  
Slept together—Life and Death.

### III.

The Frenchman lowered—"Kinder?" he said,  
"*Mais voilà*—he shall understand."  
The Prussian peasant slowly spread  
The five blunt fingers of his hand.

IV.

*"Ja, Fünf. Wie viele haben sie?"*  
*"Eh! trois."* The other told them then  
Nimble on his fingers three.  
*"Schön—wir laufen! Wiedersehen!"*

V.

A lark burst into melody,  
And laughed and sang so clear and high  
That the sun rose up in his bed to see  
And a smile spread over the face of the sky.

CHANT OF DEAD WARRIORS

BY CECIL ROBERTS

WE came from the ends of the earth to the mother  
who gave to us birth,  
In our eyes leapt the sunshine of mirth, through our veins  
ran the rapture of life!  
We were young and the flame of desire still burned, and  
our hearts were afire,  
Our love was intense, and our ire was swiftly aroused  
for in strife  
We smote without rest, without ruth, with the vigor and  
passion of youth,  
And hated dissemblers of Truth, though our ways with  
disorder were rife.



## CHANT OF DEAD WARRIORS

---

In the silence of Death now we lie strangely bound 'neath  
an alien sky,  
Life was good but 'twas better to die in the battle for  
England our Mother!  
She reared us and sent us afar, recalled us and armed us  
for war,  
We heard and we came and we are sleeping now, brother  
with brother;  
'Neath the tide of the battle we rest with the fever of life  
unoppressed,  
Of all ends 'twas the end that was best; what true man  
desired another?

We flowed as the sea-tides flow, with a roar in the face of  
the foe,  
And smote them with blow upon blow, and they sank  
'neath the furious wave;  
We were swift, we were terrible, strong, and were filled  
with the fury of wrong,  
Invincible, sweeping along, no mercy we sought nor we  
gave;  
Dishonored, they feared us and fell, and the land they  
transformed into hell  
Is avenged, and our death, it was well—for with glory  
we rode to the grave!

WATCHMEN OF THE NIGHT

BY CECIL ROBERTS

**L**ORDS of the seas' great wilderness  
The light-gray war-ships cut the wind;  
The headland dwindles less and less;  
The great waves, breaking, drench and blind  
The stern-faced watcher on the deck,  
While England fades into a speck.

Afar on that horizon gray  
The sleepy homesteads one by one  
Shine with their cheerful lights as day  
Dies in the valley and is gone,  
While the great moon comes o'er the hill  
And floods the landscape, white and still.

But outward 'mid the homeless waste  
The battle-fleet held on its way;  
On either side the torn seas raced,  
Over the bridge blew up the spray;  
The quartermaster at the wheel  
Steered through the night his ship of steel.

Once from a masthead blinked a light—  
The Admiral spoke unto the Fleet;  
Swift answers flashed along the night,  
The chart-house glimmered through the sleet;  
A bell rang from the engine-room,  
And ere it ceased—the great guns' boom!

Then thunder through the silence broke  
    And rolled along the sullen deep;  
A hundred guns flashed fire and spoke,  
    Which England heard not in her sleep  
Nor dreamed of, while her fighting sons  
Fed and fired the blazing guns.

Dawn broke in England, sweet and clear;  
    Birds in the brake, the lark in heaven  
Made musical the morning air;  
    But distant, shattered, scorched, and riven,  
Gathered the ships—ay, dawn was well  
After the night's red, raging hell.

But some came not with break of light,  
    Nor looked upon the saffron dawn;  
They keep the watch of endless Night,  
    On the soft breast of ocean borne.  
O waking England, rise and pray  
For sons who guard thee night and day!

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

BY EDMOND ROSTAND

(Translated by Thomas Walsh)

THEY make it only more immortal still.  
Tho Vandals mar, yet lives the work of Art,  
Let Phidias witness, and Rodin impart,  
How in these fragments speaks the primal thrill.  
The fortress crumbles on the gunless hill;  
The shrine, tho broken, lives with nobler heart;  
Our eyes, raised wistful where its spires would  
start,  
Find heaven grown lovelier through its shattered grille.  
  
Let us be grateful. . . . Fate would long withhold  
What Greece could boast of on her hill of gold,  
A Beauty in its outrage sanctified . . .  
Let us be grateful, now the hands upon  
The blundering German cannon would provide  
Their shame forever and our Parthenon!

IN FRANCE

(1914)

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

“IS it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?”  
An old bent man to a mother said,  
As they met at morn by a little stall  
Where the baker sold them their loaves of bread.

## THE MADONNA OF TREMONDE

---

"Is it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?"

And the mother bowed as beneath a rod;  
Then she answered, "Aye, it is well with them all,  
Well with them all—they are all with God!"

## THE MADONNA OF TREMONDE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WITHIN a convent in Tremonde  
An image of the Virgin stands  
Serene, with half uplifted hands  
And eyes that seem to look beyond  
The mutability of things;  
Around, war's ruthless ravagings,  
The shattered roof, the crumbling wall,  
Are like a sacrilege malign.  
And yet some power—was it divine?—  
Impalpable, impending there,  
Has spared the image and the shrine  
That cast a glamour over all  
And bid the soul to bow in prayer.

A miracle, so some would say;  
An omen. Be this as it may!  
The sweet Madonna face inspires  
The thought. Above the conflict fires,  
The hates, the base desires that sway  
The heart of man, God watches still,  
And works toward that diviner day  
When good shall triumph over ill.



THE VALE OF SHADOWS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THERE is a vale in the Flemish land,  
A vale once fair to see,  
Where under the sweep of the sky's wide arch,  
Though winter freeze or summer parch,  
The stately poplars march and march,  
Remembering Lombardy.

Here are men of the Saxon eyes,  
Men of the Saxon heart,  
Men of the fens and men of the Peak,  
Men of the Kentish meadows sleek,  
Men of the Cornwall cove and creek,  
Men of the Dove and Dart.

Here are men of the kilted clans  
From the heathery slopes that lie  
Where the mists hang gray and the mists hang white,  
And the deep lochs brood 'neath the craggy height,  
And the curlews scream in the moonless night  
Over the hills of Skye.

Here are men of the Celtic breed,  
Lads of the smile and tear,  
From where the loops of the Shannon flow,  
And the crosses gleam in the even-glow,  
And the halls of Tara now are low,  
And Donegal cliffs are sheer.

## THE VALE OF SHADOWS

---

And never a word does one man speak,  
Each in his narrow bed,  
For this is the Vale of Long Release,  
This is the Vale of the Lasting Peace,  
Where wars, and the rumors of wars, shall cease,  
The valley of the dead.

No more are they than the scattered scud,  
No more than broken reeds,  
No more than shards or shattered glass,  
Than dust blown down the winds that pass,  
Than trampled wefts of pampas-grass  
When the wild herd stampedes.

In the dusk of death they laid them down  
With naught of murmuring,  
And laughter rings through the House of Mirth  
To hear the vaunt of the high of birth,  
For what are all the kings of earth,  
Before the one great King!

And what shall these proud war-lords say  
At foot of His mighty throne?  
For there shall dawn a reckoning day,  
Or soon or late, come as it may,  
When those who gave the sign to slay  
Shall meet His face alone.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

What, think ye, will their penance be  
Who have wrought this monstrous crime?  
What shall whiten their blood-red hands  
Of the stains of riven and ravished lands?  
How shall they answer God's stern commands  
At the last assize of Time?

For though we worship no vengeance-god  
Of madness and of ire,  
No Presence grim, with a heart of stone,  
Shall they not somehow yet atone?  
Shall they not reap as they have sown  
Of fury and of fire?

There is a vale in the Flemish land  
Where the lengthening shadows spread  
When day, with crimson sandals shod,  
Goes home athwart the mounds of sod  
That cry in silence up to God  
From the valley of the dead!

### I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

BY ALAN SEEGER

(Killed July, 1916, in battle at Belloy-en-Santerre)

**I** HAVE a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes round with rustling shade  
And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

## ON THE WIRE

---

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

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## ON THE WIRE

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

O GOD, take the sun from the sky!  
It's burning me, scorching me up.  
God, can't You hear my cry?  
*Water! A poor, little cup!*

It is laughing, the cursed sun!  
See how it swells and swells  
Fierce as a hundred hells!  
God, will it never have done?  
It's searing the flesh on my bones;  
It's beating with hammers red  
My eyeballs into my head;  
It's parching my very moans.  
See! It's the size of the sky,  
And the sky is a torrent of fire,  
Foaming on me as I lie  
Here on the wire . . . the wire . . .

Of the thousands that wheeze and hum  
Heedlessly over my head,  
Why can't a bullet come,  
Pierce to my brain instead—  
Blacken forever my brain,  
Finish forever my pain?  
Here in the hellish glare  
Why must I suffer so?  
Is it God doesn't care?  
Is it God doesn't know?  
Oh, to be killed outright,  
Clean in the clash of the fight!  
That is a golden death,  
That is a boon; but this . . .  
Drawing an anguished breath  
Under a hot abyss,



## ON THE WIRE

---

Under a stooping sky  
Of seething, sulphurous fire,  
Scorching me up as I lie  
Here on the wire . . . the wire . . .

Hasten, O God, Thy night!  
Hide from my eyes the sight  
Of the body I stare and see  
Shattered so hideously.  
I can't believe that it's mine.  
My body was white and sweet,  
Flawless and fair and fine,  
Shapely from head to feet;  
Oh, no, I can never be  
The thing of horror I see  
Under the rifle fire,  
Trussed on the wire . . . the wire . . .

Of night and of death I dream;  
Night that will bring me peace,  
Coolness and starry gleam,  
Stillness and death's release:  
Ages and ages have passed—  
Lo! it is night at last.  
Night! but the guns roar out.  
Night! but the hosts attack.  
Red and yellow and black  
Geysers of doom upspout.  
Silver and green and red  
Star-shells hover and spread.

Yonder off to the right  
Fiercely kindles the fight;  
Roaring near and more near,  
Thundering now in my ear;  
Close to me, close . . . Oh, hark!  
Someone moans in the dark.  
I hear, but I cannot see,  
I hear as the rest retire,  
Someone is caught like me,  
Caught on the wire . . . the wire. . . .

Again the shuddering dawn,  
Weird and wicked and wan;  
Again, and I've not yet gone.  
The man whom I heard is dead.  
Now I can understand:  
A bullet hole in his head,  
A pistol gripped in his hand.  
Well, he knew what to do,—  
Yes, and now I know too. . . .

Hark the resentful guns!  
Oh, how thankful am I  
To think my beloved ones  
Will never know how I die!  
I've suffered more than my share;  
I'm shattered beyond repair;  
I've fought like a man the fight,  
And now I demand the right  
(God! how his fingers cling!)  
To do without shame this thing.

## TO THE DEAD

---

Good! there's a bullet still;  
Now I'm ready to fire;  
Blame me, God, if You will,  
Here on the wire . . . the wire. . . .

*From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" by Robert W. Service, author of "The Spell of the Yukon and Other Verses" and "Ballads of a Cheechako," published by Barse & Hopkins, New York. Copyrighted.*

## TO THE DEAD

BY GERALD CALDWELL SIORDET

(Killed in action February 9, 1917)

SINCE in the days that may not come again  
The sun has shone for us on English fields,  
Since we have marked the years with thanksgiving,  
Nor been ungrateful for the loveliness  
Which is our England, then tho' we walk no more  
The woods together, lie in the grass no more,  
For us the long grass blows, the woods are green,  
For us the valleys smile, the streams are bright,  
For us the kind sun still is comfortable  
And the birds sing; and since your feet and mine  
Have trod the lanes together, climbed the hills,  
Then in the lanes and on the little hills  
Our feet are beautiful for evermore.  
And you—O if I call you, you will come  
Most loved, most lovely faces of my friends  
Who are so safely housed within my heart,  
So parcel of this blessed spirit land

Which is my own heart's England, so possess  
 Of all its ways to walk familiarly  
 And be at home, that I can count on you,  
 Loving you so, being loved, to wait for me,  
 So may I turn me in and by some sweet  
 Remembered pathway find you once again.  
 Then we can walk together, I with you,  
 Or you, or you, along some quiet road,  
 And talk the foolish, old, forgivable talk,  
 And laugh together; you will turn your head,  
 Look as you used to look, speak as you spoke,  
 My friend to me, and I your friend to you.  
 Only when at the last, by some cross-road,  
 Our longer shadows, falling on the grass,  
 Turn us back homeward, and the setting sun  
 Shines like a golden glory round your head,  
 There will be something sudden and strange in you.  
 Then you will lean and look into my eyes,  
 And I shall see the bright wound at your side,  
 And feel the new blood flowing to my heart,  
 Your blood, beloved, flowing to my heart,  
 And I shall hear you speaking in my ear—  
 O not the old, forgivable, foolish talk,  
 But flames and exaltations, and desires,  
 But hopes, and comprehensions, and resolves,  
 But holy, incommunicable things  
 That like immortal birds sing in my breast,  
 And springing from a fire of sacrifice,  
 Beat with bright wings about the throne of God.

## WAR RISKS

---

### WAR RISKS

By C. Fox SMITH

“**L**ET go aft” . . . and out she slides,  
Pitching when she meets the tides. . . .  
She for whom our cruisers keep  
Lordly vigil in the deep. . . .  
Sink or swim, lads, war or no,  
Let the poor old hooker go!

Soon, hull down, will England's shore,  
Smudged and faint, be seen no more:  
Soon the following gulls return  
Where the friendly dock-lights burn. . . .  
Soon the cold stars, climbing high,  
March across the empty sky. . . .  
Empty seas beyond her bow,  
(Lord, she's on her lonesome now!)

When the white fog, stooping low,  
Folds in darkness friend and foe, . . .  
When the fast great liners creep  
Veiled and silent through the deep, . . .  
When the hostile search-light's eye  
Sweeps across the midnight sky, . . .  
Lord of light and darkness, then  
Stretch Thy wing o'er merchantmen!



When the waters known of old  
Death in dreadful shape may hold, . . .  
When the mine's black treachery  
Secret walks the insulted sea . . .  
(Lest the people wait in vain  
For their cattle and their grain),  
Since Thy name is mercy, then,  
Lord, be kind to merchantmen!

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE

1915

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

SAINTE JEANNE went harvesting in France,  
But ah! what found she there?  
The little streams were running red,  
And the torn fields were bare;  
And all about the ruined towers  
Where once her king was crowned,  
The hurtling ploughs of war and death  
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,  
That harvest might not fail;  
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,  
Her dress was silvern mail;  
And all the war-worn ranks were glad  
To feel her presence shine;  
Her smile was like the mellow sun  
Along that weary line.

## PROSPICE

---

She gave her silence to their lips,  
Her visions to their eyes,  
And the quick glory of her sword  
She lent to their emprise;  
The shadow of her gentle hand  
Touched Belgium's burning cross,  
And set the seal of power and praise  
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,  
And oh! what found she there?  
The brave seed of her scattering  
In fruitage everywhere;  
And where her strong and tender heart  
Was broken in the flame,  
She found the very heart of France  
Had flowered to her name.

## PROSPICE

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

THE ancient and the lovely land  
Is sown with death; across the plain  
Ungarnered now the orchards stand,  
The Maxim nestles in the grain.  
The shrapnel spreads a stinging flail  
Where pallid Nuns the cloister trod,  
The air-ship spills her leaden hail;  
But—after all the battles—God.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Athwart the vineyard's ordered banks,  
    Silent the red-rent forms recline,  
And from their stark and speechless ranks  
    There flows a richer, ruddier wine;  
While down the lane and through the wall  
    The victors writhe upon the sod,  
Nor heed the onward bugle-call;  
    But—after all the bugles—God.

By night the blazing cities flare  
    Like mushroom torches in the sky;  
The rocking ramparts tremble ere  
    The sullen cannon boom reply,  
And shattered is the temple-spire,  
    The vestment trampled on the clod,  
And every altar black with fire;  
    But—after all the altars—God.

And all the prizes we have won  
    Are buried in a deadly dust;  
The things we set our hearts upon  
    Beneath the stricken earth are thrust;  
Again the Savage greets the sun,  
    Again his feet with fury shod,  
Across a world in anguish run;  
    But—after all the anguish—God.

The grim campaign, the gun, the sword,  
    The quick volcano from the sea,  
The honor that reveres the word,  
    The sacrifice, the agony—

## THE DRUM

---

These be our heritage and pride,  
Till the last despot kiss the rod,  
And, with man's freedom purified,  
We mark—behind our triumph—God.

## THE DRUM

BY EDWARD FORRESTER SUTTON

THERE'S a rhythm down the road where the elms  
overarch

Of the drum, of the drum,  
There's a glint through the green, there's a column on the  
march,

Here they come, here they come,  
To the flat resounding clank they are tramping rank on  
rank,  
And the bayonet flashes ripple from the flank to the  
flank.

"I am rhythm, marching rhythm," says the  
drum.

"No aid am I desiring of the loud brazen choiring,

"Of bugle or of trumpet the lilt and the lyring,

"I'm the slow dogged rhythm, unending, untiring,

"I am rhythm, marching rhythm," says the  
drum.

"I am rhythm, dogged rhythm, and the plodders feel  
me with 'em,

"I'm the two miles an hour that is empire, that is  
power,

"I'm the slow resistless crawl in the dust-cloud's  
choking pall,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

"I'm the marching days that run from the dawn to  
set of sun,

"I'm the rifle and the kit and the dragging weight  
of it,

"I'm the jaws grimly set and the faces dripping  
sweat,

"I'm the how, why, and when, the Almighty made  
for men,"

Says the rhythm, marching rhythm, of the drum.

"Did you call my song 'barbaric'? Did you mutter, 'out  
of date'?

"When you hear me with the foemen then your cry will  
come too late.

"Here are hearts a-beating for you, to my pulsing as I  
come,

"To the rhythm, tramping rhythm,

"To the rhythm, dogged rhythm,

"To the dogged, tramping rhythm

"Of the drum!"

There's a clashing snarling rhythm down the valley broad  
and ample

Of the drum, kettledrum,

There's a low, swelling rumor that is cavalry a-trample,

Here they come, here they come,

To the brassy crash and wrangle, to the horseman's clink  
and jangle,

And the restive legs beneath 'em all a-welter and a-tangle.

"I am rhythm, dancing rhythm," says the  
drum.



## THE DRUM

---

"White and sorrel, roan and dapple, hocks as shiny as  
an apple,

"Don't they make a splendid showing, ears a-pricking,  
tails a-blowing?

"Good boys—bless 'em—well they're knowing all my  
tricks to set 'em going

"To my rhythm, dancing rhythm!" says the  
drum.

"I am rhythm, clashing rhythm, and the horses feel  
me with 'em.

"I'm the foray and the raid, I'm the glancing sabre-  
blade.

"Now I'm here, now I'm there, flashing on the  
unaware.

"How I scout before the ranks, how I cloud along  
the flanks,

"How the highway smokes behind me let the faint  
stars tell that find me

"All night through, all night through, when the  
bridles drip with dew.

"I'm the labor, toil, and pain, I'm the loss that shall  
be gain,"

Says the rhythm, clashing rhythm, of the drum.

"Did you speak of 'useless slaughter'? Did you murmur  
'Christian love'?

"Pray that such as these before you when the war-cloud  
bursts above,

"With the bridle on the pommel meet the foemen as they  
come,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

"To the rhythm, dashing rhythm,  
"To the rhythm, crashing rhythm,  
"To the crashing, dashing rhythm  
"Of the drum!"

There's an echo shakes the valley o'er the rhythm deep  
and slow

Of the drum, of the drum,

'Tis the guns, the guns a-rolling on the bridges down  
below,

Here they come, here they come,

Hark the felloes grind and lumber through the shadows  
gray and umber,

And the triple spans a-panting up the slope the stones  
encumber,

With the rhythm, distant rhythm, of the drum.

"'Tis the long Shapes of Fear that the moonlight silvers  
here,

"And the jolting limber's weighted with the silent  
cannoneer,

"'Tis the Pipes of Peace are passing, O ye people, give  
an ear!"

Says the rhythm, iron rhythm, of the drum.

"They are rhythm, thunder rhythm, and they do not need  
me with 'em,

"That can overtone my choir like the bourdon from the  
spire.

"*Avant-garde* am I to these Lords of dreadful revelries,

"Iron Cyclops with an eye to confound the earth and sky.

"Love and Fear, Love and Fear, neither one but both  
revere,

## THE DRUM

---

"And whatever grace ye deal let it be from courts of steel,  
"Set the guns' emplacement then to expound the Law to  
men,"

Says the rhythm, iron rhythm, of the drum.

"O ye coiners, sentence-joiners, in a fatted, tradesman's  
land,

"Here's evangel Pentecostal that all nations understand,  
"When they speak before the battle fools and theories  
are dumb!"

God be with 'em, and the rhythm,  
And the rhythm, iron rhythm,  
And the rolling thunder rhythm  
Of the drum!

There's a rhythm still and toneless with the wind amid  
the green,

Of the drum, muffled drum,

And there's arms reversed, and something 'neath a flag  
that goes between

As they come, as they come.

"Just a soldier, nothing more, such as all the ages bore

"And as time and tide shall bear them till the sun be sere  
and hoar,"

Says the rhythm, muffled rhythm, of the drum.

"No more am I requiring of the keen brazen lying

"Than 'taps' from the bugle—some shots for the firing.

"Hats off; stand aside; it is all I'm desiring,"

Says the rhythm, muffled rhythm, of the drum.

"I am rhythm, muffled rhythm; long and deep farewell  
go with him,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

"Hands that bore their portion through tasks our nature  
needs must do,

"Feet that stepped the ancient rhyme of the battle-march  
of Time.

"Blood or tribute, steel or gold, still *Vae Victis* as of old,  
"Stern and curt the message runs taught to sons and sons  
of sons.

"*Chair à canon*, would you call? What else are we, one  
and all?

"Write it thus to close his span: '*Here there lies a fighting  
man*','"

Says the rhythm, muffled rhythm, of the drum.

"O ye farms upon the hillside and ye cities by the sea,

"With the laughter of young mothers and the babes about  
the knee,

"'Tis a heart that once beat for you that is passing, still  
and dumb,

"To the rhythm, muffled rhythm,

"To the rhythm, solemn rhythm,

"To the slow and muffled rhythm

"Of the drum!"

## THE PIPES OF THE NORTH

BY EDWARD FORRESTER SUTTON

DO ye hear 'em sternly soundin' through the noises of  
of the street,

O heart from the heather overseas?

Do ye leap up to greet 'em, does your pulse skip a beat?

There's a lad with a plaid and naked knees.

## THE PIPES OF THE NORTH

---

Here where all is strange and foreign to the swing of kilt  
and sporran,

With his head proud and high and a lightin' in his eye,  
He's skirlin' 'em, he's dirlin' 'em, he's blowin' like a  
storm—

O pipes of the North, O the pibroch pourin' forth,  
You're fierce and loud as Winter but ye make the blood  
run warm!

All the battle-names of story, all the jewel-names of song  
Down the spate of the clangor swing and reel,  
And the claymores come a-flashin' for a thousand years  
along

From Can-More to bonnie Charlie and Lochiel.  
Though the high-singin' bugle and the brazen crashin'  
fugue'll—

With the drum and the fife—wake the trampin' lines of  
life,

But neighin' 'em, and brayin' 'em, and shatterin' all  
the air,

O pipes of the North, when the legions thunder forth  
There's naught like ye to lift 'em on to death or glory  
there!

Now he tunes an ancient ditty for the leal Highland lover,

A rill of the mountain clear and pure,

How the bee is in the blossom and the peewit passin' over

And the cloud-shadows chasin' on the moor.

Hark the carol of the chanter rollickin' a skeltin' canter,



And the hum of the drones with their "wind-arisin'"  
tones!

He's flightin' 'em, he's kitin' 'em, he's flingin' gay  
and free—

O pipes of the North, when the reel comes tumblin' forth  
'Tis the breeze amid the bracken or the wavelets on  
the sea!

Now hark the wrechin' sob of it, the "wild with all  
regret,"

O heart from the heather overseas,  
For the homeland of your fathers, though you've never  
known it yet,

'Tween Tay and the outer Hebrides.

O the rugged misty Highlands, O the grim and lonely  
islands,

And the solemn fir and pine, and the grey tormented  
brine—

He's trailin' 'em, he's wailin' 'em, to tear your bosom's  
core!

O pipes of the North, when the long lament goes forth  
No sorrow's left to utter, for the tongue can say no more!

Oh, Breton pipes are clear and strong, and Irish pipes  
are sweet

And soft upon the heather overseas,  
But Scottish aye can take your throat or make ye swing  
your feet,

O hark the lad a-paddlin' on the keys!

## THE TRUMPET

---

See him footin' straight and proud through the wonder-  
gawkin's crowd,  
With his feathered Glengarry like a gun at the carry;  
He's bellin' 'em, he's yellin' 'em, he's skirlin' high  
to you—  
O pipes of the North, O the wild notes rushin' forth,  
Ye're sure the wings of Gaelic souls as far as blood is true!

## THE TRUMPET

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

**T**HE trumpet lies in the dust.  
The wind is weary, the light is dead. Ah, the evil  
day!  
Come fighters, carrying your flags and singers with your  
songs,  
Come pilgrims, hurrying on your journey!  
The trumpet lies in the dust waiting for us.

I was on my way to the temple with my evening offerings,  
Seeking for the heaven of rest after the day's dusty toil;  
Hoping my hurts would be healed and stains in my  
garments washed white,  
When I found thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Has it not been the time for me to light my lamp?  
Has my evening not come to bring me sleep?  
O, thou blood-red rose, where have my poppies faded?

I was certain my wanderings were over and my debts all  
paid

When suddenly I came upon the trumpet lying in the dust.

Strike my drowsy heart with thy spell of youth!

Let my joy in life blaze up in fire.

Let the shafts of awakening fly piercing the heart of night  
and a thrill of dread shake the palsied blindness,

I have come to raise thy trumpet from the dust.

Sleep is no more for me—my walk shall be through  
showers of arrows,

Some shall run out of their houses and come to my side—  
some shall weep,

Some in their beds shall toss and groan in dire dreams:

For to-night thy trumpet shall be sounded.

From thee I had asked peace only to find shame.

Now I stand before thee—help me to don my armor!

Let hard blows of trouble strike fire into my life.

Let my heart beat in pain—beating the drum of thy  
victory,

My hands shall be utterly emptied to take up thy trumpet.

*Reprinted by permission from "Fruit Gathering" by Rabindranath Tagore. Copyright, 1916, by The Macmillan Company.*

THE WOMAN'S CRY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

All the posters were printed in red. "Red!" cried the women, and there was some weeping among them; but the men for the most part took it quietly, seriously, and with sad submissiveness.—St. Petersburg Newspaper.

"RED!" cried the women by the Neva's tide . . .  
And what they're crying by the Neva's tide  
They're crying, too, in France, the Beautiful,  
And 'neath the lindens of the Fatherland.  
And farther yet, on ancient Danube's banks!  
What boots it that you cry, O woman-souls,  
Your strong ones going hence—(I mark it well  
In "sad submissiveness" they're going hence!)  
Your strong ones are a herd; the lash is swung  
And dumb they go—they dream no other way!

"Red!" cried the women. I cry, too,—in vain . . .  
I know what I would do, if but my wit  
Equaled my swelling heart—and if my tongue  
The Pentecostal gift of tongues might seize—  
Not speech of courts, nor sinuous subtle phrase,  
But peasant power of straight appeal to hearts.  
Words like to glowing coals that neighbors pass  
From heart to heart—words like the ringing ax  
When the arm swings it through the heart of oak,  
Words like the fervid ploughshare, driven deep—  
Might I but speak their native speech to them,

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

In some four countries of this world, gone mad,  
The children of the soil should hear me cry:—  
Now, wherefore are ye driven forth to War?  
Ye have not made it, and ye hate no man.

That ye would go to hunt him to his death  
(He hunting you)—yet bearing you no hate!  
Stand in your fields, your shops, and do not go!  
Be ye not “mobilized” but stand like stones;  
And if to prison ye be haled, and if  
They rain upon your hearts their leaden rain  
Because ye will not serve, stand till ye fall!  
Ye can but die—but so, die innocent,  
Having, yourselves, slain no man innocent!  
So, fall, the protomartyrs Who Fought War,  
Glorious and sacred on the lips of men  
Who shall be, and their heritage *Your* Peace!  
“Red!” cried the women. Let them cry no more.

## A VISION OF SPRING

(LATE WINTER, 1915)

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

**I**N the night, at the sound of winter thunder,  
As I brooded upon my wounded planet  
From my country beyond the reddened waters,  
All my thoughts were at once of spring returning.  
Broken rain from the gulf upon my window  
Passed down shadowy ways and there was silence.



## A VISION OF SPRING

---

Out of quietness light arose within me  
Shedding luminous magic on the darkness;  
Moon on moon from a cloud of vanished Aprils  
Lit my heart with a dream of springs remembered.  
Unborn beauty in flowers not yet risen  
Waved before me in bright immortal pastures  
Till alone of the year's four worlds of wonder  
Spring seemed tender and I forgot the others.  
Only spring could assuage my grieving planet  
Scourged with graves of the young men darkly fallen  
In long harrowing straightness on the meadows.  
None seemed healing beside the blossom season;  
When grass rises again (I thought) these furrows  
Will lie hidden forever under beauty;  
On each sleeper a loveliness arising  
Soon shall cover his deep unwhispered trouble,  
None will signal of anguish from these trenches,  
None find sorrow among the roots of roses;  
One thing only is needed, rainbowed springtime;

Peace flows out of it, all its ways are peaceful.  
So I longed for the time of apple blossoms,  
All my dreams were upon the blowing lilacs.

But some whirlwind that held the winter's secret  
Rose and lifting the frozen days as curtains  
Showed me Time as an upper sky of crystal  
Flushed with images yet to be reflected.

There past lightnings I saw the coming season  
Fill with shapes of the things to be unfolded;  
But no healing was there; I saw none solaced,  
Saw no comfort uplifted by the snowdrop.  
Nothing beautiful rose but close above it  
Shadows thwarted its mercy for the gazer.

By the crocus and by the valley-lily  
Stood the sorrowful, stood the broken-hearted.  
There they drank who had thirsted from the autumn  
Bitter widowings poured among the gardens.  
By the rivers were trystings kept with ashes.  
There I saw but I could not reach the children  
Turned from happiness, looking to the trenches;  
Saw them taste of the grindings of false anger,  
Saw behind them the granite eyes of hunger,  
Saw things terrible born among the roses.

All was barren as ever in the winter,  
Earth embattled against the mourning heavens,  
One star warring against the many lonely,  
Nothing comforted, nothing unendangered.

And I thought that I heard the spring cry round me,  
All about me the voice of springtime crying:  
"I am barren, barren, for Love has left me,  
I am nothing without his breath to warm me.  
My beloved was mine among the lilies,  
Timeless dawns before these heavens gathered.  
There he found me and sealed me with his kisses,  
There I gave him the worlds unstained, unwarring.

## A VISION OF SPRING

---

But earth's children, the wilful children scorned him  
Whom I call and desire until the daybreak.  
I fly sorrowful then until his coming,  
I pour solace to none of all the mournful,  
Till earth's children, the children sad receive him.  
I have sorrow, sorrow, till Love's returning."

Then at last from a deep behind the whirlwind  
One still wisdom arose and shook my spirit  
And I knew, if the golden spring comes loveless,  
Earth shall moan but the bitter moons flow empty.

Though old mockeries plant the thorny truces,  
All the fruitage of steel repose has fallen.  
Love comes weaponless, all-forgiving, tender,  
Olive-filleted for the peace enduring.

O, that endlessly earth would stream the heavens  
With one music of all-assenting welcome.  
Strong, miraculous then would spring reveal him,  
Swift Love walking on the wavings of the crocus,  
Holding tenderly, holding safe the broken.

Dove-low waters among the kindled willows  
Then would lift to anoint a dust unsaddened,  
Piercing cries of the spirit from the marshes  
Melt with chorusing sweet upon the hillsides,  
Harplike mysteries called through glowing orchards,  
Shy, invisible laughters from the thickets.  
All that uttered the dream while earth turned heedless  
Then with freshets of song would cool its fever.

Unbelievably then would Love inhabit  
All green places within the heart, outpouring  
Spring with thunder of all her myriad fountains  
In one cup for the healing of the nations.  
Till in visionings all, as on a mountain,  
Would with trembling above the fallen blindness  
Look on Love and discern him as the sunlight,  
Rayed with dreams, and above the treading glory  
Out of opening heavens the dove descending.

### TO MY COUNTRY

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ONE told me he had heard it whispered: "Lo!  
The hour has come when Europe, desperate  
With sudden war and terrible swift hate,  
Rocks like a reed beneath the mighty blow.

"Therefore shall we, in this her time of woe,  
Profit and prosper, since her ships of state  
Go down in darkness. Kind, thrice kind is Fate,  
Leaving our land secure, our grain to grow!"

America! They blaspheme and they lie  
Who say these are the voices of your sons!  
In this foul night, when nations sink and die,  
No thought is here save for the fallen ones  
Who, underneath the ruin of old thrones,  
Suffer and bleed, and tell the world good-by!



## IN WAR-TIME

---

### HIGH SUMMER

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

PINKS and syringa in the garden closes,  
And the sweet privet hedge and golden roses,  
The pines hot in the sun, the drone of the bee,  
*They die in Flanders to keep these for me.*

The long sunny days and the still weather,  
The cuckoo and blackbird shouting together,  
The lambs calling their mothers out on the lea,  
*They die in Flanders to keep these for me.*

All doors and windows open; the South wind blowing  
Warm through the clean sweet rooms on tiptoe going,  
Where many sanctities, dear and delightful, be,  
*They die in Flanders to keep these for me.*

Daisies leaping in foam on the green grasses,  
The dappled sky and the stream that sings as it passes;  
These are bought with a price, a bitter fee,  
*They die in Flanders to keep these for me.*

## IN WAR-TIME

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

NOW strikes the hour upon the clock,  
The black sheep may rebuild the years;  
May lift the father's pride he broke,  
And wipe away his mother's tears.



To him, the mark for thrifty scorn,  
God hath another chance to give,  
Sets in his heart a flame new-born  
By which his muddied soul may live.

This is the day of the prodigal,  
The decent people's shame and grief;  
When he shall make amends for all—  
The way to glory's bloody and brief.

Clean from his baptism of blood,  
New from the fire he springs again,  
In shining armor, bright and good,  
Beyond the wise home-keeping men.

Somewhere to-night—no tears be shed!  
With shaking hands they turn the sheet,  
To find his name among the dead,  
Flower of the Army and the Fleet.

They tell with proud and stricken face  
Of his white boyhood far away—  
Who talked of trouble or disgrace?  
“Our splendid son is dead!” they say.

## A NIGHT PIECE

---

### A NIGHT PIECE

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

THE little houses lie asleep,  
The sheep and lambs are folded in,  
Winged sentinels the valley keep,  
Through the white night from grief and sin.

The babe is at its mother's breast,  
The children, with their prayers all said,  
Are folded in a rosy nest,  
Love's wings o'er every drowsy head.

St. Patrick and St. Bridget watch  
Above each little sleeping farm,  
Lest a foe's hand be at the latch;  
Here there is naught to do them harm.

St. Brendan and St. Kevin, pluck  
The robe of God that He may hear,  
And Columb, keep the Irish flock  
From wolves and tigers prowling near.

What news, then, of the Belgians, say?—  
How fare the village and the town?—  
Oh, Belgium smokes by night and day,  
And all her towers are toppling down.

Oh, where are Belgium's angels flown  
And are the Belgian Saints asleep,  
That in this night, cold as a stone,  
The Belgians mourn, the Belgians weep?

MY SON

BY ADA TYRRELL

HERE is his little cambric frock  
That I laid by in lavender so sweet,  
And here his tiny shoe and sock  
I made with loving care for his dear feet.

I fold the frock across my breast,  
And in imagination, ah, my sweet,  
Once more I hush my babe to rest,  
And once again I warm those little feet.

Where do those strong young feet now stand?  
In flooded trench, half numb to cold and pain,  
Or marching through the desert sand  
To some dread place that they may never gain.

God guide him and his men to-day!  
Tho' death may lurk in any tree or hill,  
His brave young spirit is their stay;  
Trusting in that they'll follow where he will.

They love him for his tender heart  
When poverty or sorrow asks his aid,  
But he must see each do his part—  
Of cowardice alone he is afraid.

I ask no honors on the field,  
That other men have won as brave as he—  
I only pray that God may shield  
My son, and bring him safely back to me!

## THE LAUGHERS

---

### THE LAUGHERS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

SPRING!

And her hidden bugles up the street.  
Spring—and the sweet  
Laughter of winds at the crossing;  
Laughter of birds and a fountain tossing  
Its hair in abandoned ecstasies.  
Laughter of trees.  
Laughter of shop-girls that giggle and blush;  
Laugh of the tug-boat's impertinent fife.  
Laughter followed by a trembling hush—  
Laughter of love, scarce whispered aloud.  
Then, stilled by no sacredness or strife,  
Laughter that leaps from the crowd;  
Seizing the world in a rush.  
Laughter of life. . . .

Earth takes deep breaths like a man who had feared he  
might smother,  
Filling his lungs before bursting into a shout . . .  
Windows are opened—curtains flying out;  
Over the wash-lines women call to each other.  
And, under the calling, there surges, too clearly to doubt,  
Spring, with the noises  
Of shrill, little voices;  
Joining in "Tag" and the furious chase  
Of "I-spy," "Red Rover" and "Prisoner's Base";

Of the roller-skates' whirl at the sidewalk's slope,  
 Of boys playing marbles and the girls skipping rope.  
 And there, down the avenue, behold,  
 The first true herald of the Spring—  
 The hand-organ gasping and wheezily murmuring  
 Its tunes ten years old. . . .  
 And the music, trivial and tawdry, has freshness and  
     magical swing.  
 And over and under it,  
 During and after—  
 The laughter  
 Of Spring! . . .

And lifted still  
 With the common thrill  
 With the throbbing air, the tingling vapor,  
 That rose like strong and mingled wines;  
 I turn to my paper,  
 And read these lines:  
*"Now that the Spring is here,  
 The war enters its bloodiest phase. . . .  
 The men are impatient. . . .  
 Bad roads, storms and the rigors of the winter  
 Have held back the contending armies. . . .  
 But the recruits have arrived,  
 And are waiting only the first days of warm weather . . .  
 There will be terrible fighting along the whole line—  
 Now that Spring has come."*



I put the paper down. . . .  
Something struck out the sun—something unseen;  
Something arose like a dark wave to drown  
The golden streets with a sickly green.  
Something polluted the blossoming day  
With the touch of decay.

The music thinned and died;  
People seemed hollow-eyed.  
Even the faces of children, where gaiety lingers,  
Sagged and drooped like banners about to be furled—  
And Silence laid its bony fingers  
On the lips of the world. . . .  
A grisly quiet with the power to choke;  
A quiet that only one thing broke;  
One thing alone arose up thereafter. . . .  
Laughter!  
Laughter of streams running red.  
Laughter of evil things in the night;  
Vultures carousing over the dead;  
Laughter of ghouls.  
Chuckling of idiots, cursed with sight.  
Laughter of dark and horrible pools.  
Scream of the bullets' rattling mirth,  
Sweeping the earth.  
Laugh of the cannon's poisonous breath . . .  
And over the shouts and the wreckage and crumbling  
The raucous and rumbling  
Laughter of death.  
Death that arises to sing,—  
Hailing the Spring!

THE VICTORY OF THE BEET FIELDS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

[NOTE: The italicized middle stanzas are an almost literal transcription from a letter received from one in the trenches.]

GREEN miles of leafy peace are spread  
Over these ranks, unseen and serried;  
Screening the trenches with their dead  
And living men already buried.  
The rains beat down, the torrents flow  
Into each cold and huddling cave;  
And over them the beet-fields grow,  
A fortress gentle as a grave.

*"Morose, impatient, sick at heart,  
With rasping nerves and twitching muscles,  
We cannot even sleep; we start  
With every twig that snaps or rustles.  
Sought ever by an unseen foe,  
Over our heads the bullets fly;  
But more than these, we fear the snow,  
The silent shrapnel of the sky.*

*"Yonder our colonel stalks and grieves,  
Meeting the storm with thoughts more stormy:  
But we, we sit and watch the leaves  
Fall down, a torn and crumpled army.  
We mourn for every leaf that lies.  
As though it were a comrade slain;  
Each was a shelter from the eyes  
Of every prying aeroplane."*

## ENGLAND TO THE SEA

---

And in its cloudy uniform  
Stilling the cannon's earthly thunder,  
The huge artillery of the storm  
Plows through the land and pulls it under,  
The rain beats down, until the slow  
And slipping earth resists no more—  
And over them the beets will grow  
Ranker and redder than before.

## ENGLAND TO THE SEA

BY R. E. VERNÈDE

**H**EARKEN, O Mother, hearken to thy daughter!

Fain would I tell thee what men tell to me,  
Saying that henceforth no more on any water  
Shall I be first or great or loved or free,

But that these others—so the tale is spoken—

Who have not known thee all these centuries  
By fire and sword shall yet turn England broken  
Back from thy breast and beaten from thy seas,

Me—whom thou barest where thy waves should guard me,

Me—whom thou suckled'st on thy milk of foam,

Me—whom thy kisses shaped what while they marred me,  
To whom thy storms are sweet and ring of home.

“Behold,” they cry, “she is grown soft and strengthless,  
All her proud memories changed to fear and fret.”

Say, thou, who hast watched through ages that are  
lengthless,

Whom have I feared, and when did I forget?

What sons of mine have shunned thy whorls and races?  
Have I not reared for thee time and again  
And bid go forth to share thy fierce embraces  
Sea-ducks, sea-wolves, sea-rovers, and sea-men?

Names that thou knowest—great hearts that thou holdest,  
Rocking them, rocking them in an endless wake—  
Captains the world can match not with its boldest,  
Hawke, Howard, Grenville, Frobisher and Drake?

Nelson—the greatest of them all—the master  
Who swept across thee like a shooting star,  
And, while the Earth stood veiled before disaster,  
Caught Death and slew him—there—at Trafalgar?

Mother, they knew me then as thou didst know me;  
Then I cried, Peace, and every flag was furled:  
But I am old, it seems, and they would show me  
That never more my peace shall bind the world.

Wherefore, O Sea, I, standing thus before thee,  
Stretch forth my hands unto thy surge and say:  
“When they come forth who seek this empire o’er thee,  
And I go forth to meet them—on that day

“God grant to us the old Armada weather,  
The winds that rip, the heavens that stoop and lour—  
Not till the Sea and England sink together,  
Shall they be masters! Let them boast that hour!”

*R. E. Vernède was killed in action in France, April 9, 1917.*



GOD AND THE STRONG ONES

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

“WE have made them fools and weak!” said the Strong Ones:

“We have bound them, they are dumb and deaf and blind,  
We have crushed them in our hands like a heap of  
crumbling sands,

We have left them naught to seek or find:

They are quiet at our feet!” said the Strong Ones,

“We have made them one with wood and stone and  
clod;

Serf and laborer and woman, they are less than wise or  
human!—”

*“I shall raise the weak,” saith God.*

“They are stirring in the dark!” said the Strong Ones,

“They are struggling, who were moveless like the  
dead,

We can hear them cry and strain hand and foot against  
the chain,

We can hear their heavy upward tread—

What if they are restless?” said the Strong Ones,

“What if they have stirred beneath the rod?

Fools and weak and blinded men, we can tread them  
down again—”

*“Shall ye conquer Me?” saith God.*



"They are evil and are brutes!" said the Strong Ones,  
"They are ingrates of the ease and peace we give,  
We have stooped to them in grace and they mock us to  
our face—

How shall we give light to them and live?  
They are all unworthy grace!" said the Strong Ones,  
"They that cowered at our lightest look and nod—"  
*"This that now ye pause and weigh of your grace may  
prove one day  
Mercy that ye need!" saith God.*

"They will trample us and bind!" said the Strong Ones:  
"We are crushed beneath the blackened feet and  
hands!

All the strong and fair and great they will crush from  
out the State,  
They will whelm it like the weight of pressing  
sands—

They are maddened and are blind!" said the Strong Ones,  
"Black decay has come where they have trod—  
They will break the world in twain if their hands are on  
the rein—"  
*"What is that to Me?" saith God.*

*"Ye have made them in their strength, who were Strong  
Ones,  
Ye have only taught the blackness ye have known;  
These are evil men and blind? Ay, but molded to your  
mind!  
How can ye cry out against your own?"*

## THE OLD ROAD TO PARADISE

---

*Ye have held the light and beauty I have given  
Far above the muddied ways where they must plod,  
Ye have builded this your lord with the lash and with  
the sword—  
Reap what ye have sown!" saith God.*

## THE OLD ROAD TO PARADISE

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

**O**URS is a dark Eastertide, and a scarlet spring,  
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing,  
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,  
All the roads from dusk to dawn gay they wind and twist,  
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out in the wet battlefields few the roadways wind,  
One to grief, one to death—no road that's kind—  
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find.

*(St. Martin in his Colonel's cloak, St. Joan in her mail,  
King David with his crown and sword—oh, none there  
be that fail—  
Along the road to Paradise they stand to greet and hail!)*

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-  
tossed,  
Where the lads lie thinking long, out in rain and frost,  
There they find their God again, long ago they lost.

## VERSE OF THE GREAT WAR

---

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men moan,  
Where the crushed, forgotten ones whisper prayers alone,  
Christ along the battlefields comes to lead His own.

Souls that would have withered soon in the world's hot  
glare,  
Blown and gone like shriveled things, dusty on the air,  
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and  
fair!

*Ours is a sad Eastertide, and a woeful day,  
Yet high up at Heaven's gate the saints are all gay,  
For the old road to Paradise—'tis a main traveled way!*

## SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1914

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

### III.

**H**EARKEN, the feet of the Destroyer tread  
The wine-press of the nations; fast the blood  
Pours from the side of Europe; in full flood  
On the septentrional watershed  
The rivers of fair France are running red!  
England, the mother-eyrie of our brood,  
That on the summit of dominion stood,  
Shakes in the blast: heaven battles overhead!

Lift up thy head, O Rheims, of ages heir  
That treasured up in thee their glorious sum;  
Upon whose brow, prophetically fair,  
Flamed the great morrow of the world to come;  
Haunt with thy beauty this volcanic air  
Ere yet thou close, O Flower of Christendom!

IV.

As when the shadow of the sun's eclipse  
Sweeps on the earth, and spreads a spectral air,  
As if the universe were dying there,  
On continent and isle the darkness dips,  
Unwonted gloom, and on the Atlantic slips;  
So in the night the Belgian cities flare  
Horizon-wide; the wandering people fare  
Along the roads, and load the fleeing ships.

And westward borne that planetary sweep,  
Darkening o'er England and her times to be,  
Already steps upon the ocean-deep!  
Watch well, my country, that unearthly sea,  
Lest when thou thinkest not, and in thy sleep,  
Unapt for war, that gloom enshadow thee!

V.

I pray for peace; yet peace is but a prayer.  
How many wars have been in my brief years!  
All races and all faiths, both hemispheres,  
My eyes have seen embattled everywhere

The wide earth through; yet do I not despair  
Of peace, that slowly through far ages nears,  
Though not to me the golden morn appears;  
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.

For man doth build on an eternal scale,  
And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;  
The millennium came not; yet Christ did not fail,  
Though ever unaccomplished is His word;  
Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we hail,  
Supreme when in all bosoms He be heard.

VI.

This is my faith, and my mind's heritage,  
Wherein I toil, though in a lonely place,  
Who yet world-wide survey the human race  
Unequal from wild nature disengage  
Body and soul, and life's old strife assuage;  
Still must abide, till heaven perfect its grace,  
And love grown wisdom sweeten in man's face,  
Alike the Christian and the heathen rage.

The tutelary genius of mankind  
Ripens by slow degrees the final State,  
That in the soul shall its foundations find  
And only in victorious love grow great;  
Patient the heart must be, humble the mind,  
That doth the greater births of time await!



## THE MEN OF THE "EMDEN"

---

### VII.

Whence not unmoved I see the nations form  
From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,  
A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle-line,  
And by the Vistula great armies swarm,  
A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,  
Seeing all peoples of the earth combine  
Under one standard, with one countersign,  
Grown brothers in the universal storm.

And never through the wide world yet there rang  
A mightier summons! O Thou who from the side  
Of Athens and the loins of Cæsar sprang,  
Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied,  
For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,  
The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

## THE MEN OF THE "EMDEN"

BY THOMAS R. YBARRA

WHAT matter if you  
Be stanch and true  
To the British blood in the veins of you,  
When it's "hip hurrah!" for a deed well done,  
For a fight well fought and a race well run—  
What matter if you be true?  
Hats off to the *Emden's* crew.

Theirs was the life of the storm-god's folk,  
 Uncounted miles from the Fatherland,  
 With a foe beneath every wisp of smoke,  
 And a menace in every strip of strand.  
 Up, glasses! Paul Jones was but one of these,  
 Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, their brothers, too!  
 (Ha! those pirate nights  
 In a ring of foes,  
 When you douse your lights  
 And drive home your blows!)  
 Hats off to the *Emden's* crew!

Erect on the wave-washed decks stood they  
 And heard with a viking's grim delight  
 The whirl of the wings of death by day  
 And the voice of death in their dreams by night!  
 Under the sweep of the wings of death,  
 By the blazing gun, in the tempest's breath,  
 While a world of enemies strove and fumed,  
 Remote, unaided, undaunted, doomed,  
 They stood—is there any, friend or foe,  
 Who will choke a cheer?—who can still but scoff?  
 No, no, by the gods of valor, no!  
 To the *Emden's* crew—  
 Hats off!



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